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The Shape of Things

WHEN SENATOR WHEELER HATES HE HATES thoroughly, destructively, and with just a touch of paranoia. The special target of the Senator's spleen is the President of the United States, and in recent weeks he has allowed his passions to carry him a bit beyond what is rational and more than a bit beyond what is decent. One of a tight little group of men who are ready to filibuster away Britain's desperate chance for survival, Wheeler brands his vast opposition "a little group of warmongers who want unity for our boys to be slaughtered to save Europe or democracy in China." His talk runs increasingly these days to "international bankers," whom he accuses of "coming over here and living on Long Island." They want us to go over there and fight for democracy, he tells his audience; "Why in the name of God didn't they stay there to fight?" He addresses a meeting from which a pro-British heckler is ejected to the cries of "British pig!" while professional anti-Semites denounce the Jews from the audience and Nazi Joe McWilliams passes out leaflets at the door. To those who charge him with these things, the Senator replies that when he cannot talk to any group he wishes, democracy will be dead. The Senator is certainly within his rights. He can say what he likes and say it to whom he likes. But let him not imagine he will escape responsibility. Those who once trusted Burton K. Wheeler as an honest liberal, whatever his differences with the Roosevelt Administration, will not soon forget the shameless demagogy that marks his effort to defeat a measure clearly demanded by a majority in Congress and in the country.

*

MUSSOLINI'S EAST AFRICAN EMPIRE NOW IS crumbling rapidly under attacks from all sides. The invading armies are almost international for, in addition to troops from half a dozen sections of the British Empire—Indians, Sudanese, West African Haussas, and South African whites—there are Ethiopians battling to regain their homeland and a force of Free French including Senegalese regiments. Two drives now in progress are of outstanding importance. From the north one army is bearing down on Asmara and the adjacent port of Mas-

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sawa while from the south another has forced its way up the coast of Italian Somaliland in a lightning campaign and seized Mogadiscio, the capital of that colony. This stroke seems to have demoralized the Italians, thousands of whom have surrendered, and little further resistance in this sector is expected. In the north, where the battlefield is tangled mountain country, progress has been slower and one British column has been checked for some weeks before the strong Italian position on the Cheren plateau. Now, however, reinforcements are working their way around the flanks of the defending army, which seems destined to be trapped in the near future. The capture of northern Eritrea in conjunction with that of Mogadiscio will force the Italians back into the interior of Ethiopia and the arms of Haile Selassie's warriors. The East African campaign may seem to have little direct bearing on the outcome of the war, but the fruits of British success are not to be despised. There must be around 250,000 Italian soldiers and colonists in East Africa. Their fate and the loss of an empire achieved at enormous cost will be a further and severe blow to Italian morale. Equally important is the removal of a threat to the British base in Egypt. Should Hitler attempt a grand flanking movement through Asia Minor, Wavell can meet him without anxiety about the position in the rear.

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NORWEGIANS, HOLLANDERS, AND DANES ARE behaving quite inexplicably in the view of the Nazis. As racial cousins of the master nation they could certainly count on a reserved place at the table of the "New Order" if they would only submit themselves to *Gleichshaltung* and acknowledge the divine omnipotence of Adolf Hitler. But these peoples have long known freedom; and conquest and occupation, so far from making them blaspheme their inheritance, have steeled them to take increasing risks to regain it. Frequent rumors of trouble in Holland were confirmed last week by an official German spokesman who admitted that the Low Countries were "a fertile ground for agitators" because occupation by a foreign power whether "by God or Devil" must arouse resentment in some quarters. The Dutch have no doubt which of these forces the Nazis represent and have set out to make things as hot for them as possible. There have been strikes, riots, sabotage, and communication with the British. With singularly poor judgment, the Nazis have blamed disturbances on the Jews and have ordered the creation of a ghetto in Amsterdam. This seems an excellent way to increase good relations between the Dutch and the Jews and to encourage them to cooperate in further efforts to thwart the enemy. The Dutch are also likely to be cheered by the German admission that it is impossible to prevent British agents landing from parachutes or small boats. There seems indeed to be a steady improvement in underground communications between Britain and the occupied countries, with very helpful consequences for the R. A. F. In Norway there are many short-wave radio stations hidden in the mountains and the Germans are resorting to brutal punishment to prevent their use. But even the recent death sentence on ten Norwegians, alleged to have sent radio information to England, will not, we are sure, discourage this and other forms of resistance.

*

MEDIATION ACCORDING TO OUR IDEAS IS A disinterested attempt by a third party to bring two disputants together. The Japanese definition, however, is a direct translation from the Nazi political dictionary which gives the word the meaning of dictation in the interests of the dictator. This is illustrated by the "settlement" imposed in Tokyo on Indo-China and Thailand —an almost perfect imitation of the Vienna *diktat* which gave Transylvania to Hungary. The sequel to that astute piece of "mediation" was the occupation of Rumania by the Nazis and the complete domination of Hungary. There is every reason to suppose that the Japanese will follow this pattern exactly. They are already strongly entrenched in Indo-Chinese bases conveniently near Singapore. The same forces will now provide the necessary pressure on Thailand to induce that country to accept "protection" when Tokyo is ready to move against British Malaya. At one moment last week it appeared as if the French government might resist the Japanese ultimatum to accept its award *in toto* and immediately. Vichy delayed its answer and published a statement to the effect that "the terms of our armistice with Germany make the defense of our Empire obligatory on our part." Was this an undercover hint from Berlin that more cooperation was expected from Japan in the war against Britain and that if Tokyo hung back, France would be encouraged to resist its terms. We do not know if Germany obtained reassurances over the week-end but Vichy's stiffened backbone quickly relaxed. Reports from Saigon suggest that the surrender of the home government has aroused bitter resentment among the French troops and colonists. There are hints of revolt, but even if no revolt materializes, General de Gaulle seems in line for a lot of new recruits.

*

THE FIFTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE LABOR Board demonstrates anew that the best way to prevent strikes is to make it unnecessary for labor to resort to this final weapon to win its rights. The report shows that, thanks to the support given to the board by the courts, workers are more and more resorting to its peaceful processes for settlement of labor disputes. There are now three times as many disputes brought before the board as there are strikes. The figures pertaining to strikes and board cases involving only the right to organize are even more sensational. During the fifth year of the board's existence, there were seven times as many organizational

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cases as organizational strikes. In 1936 board cases exceeded organizational strikes by 34 per cent; in the last fiscal year, by 700 per cent. The board takes pride not merely in preventing strife by enforcing labor's right to organize but also in reducing friction between capital and labor by bringing about written agreements, many of which provide for arbitration of disputes. Before the Supreme Court upheld the Wagner Act, there were almost no union contracts in the iron and steel industry. Today, the board's report points out, there are more than 500, covering three-fourths of the industry. In 1932, only 100 rubber workers were protected by contract; now the number exceeds 40,000. Last year Labor Board cases resulted in 880 agreements to bargain and 600 written contracts. As industry's acceptance of the Wagner Act widens, the number of strikes dwindles.

*

NOT IN CURTAILMENT OF LABOR'S BASIC rights, but in their enforcement, lies the road to industrial peace. Unfortunately, the proposal for compulsory mediation now put forward by William Knudsen, director of the OPM, takes the former course. We have no clue to Mr. Knudsen's extraordinary reversal, but his latest proposal runs directly counter to his own recommendations a week before to the House Judiciary Committee. Although the newspapers are trying as hard as they can to whip up public hysteria about a supposed wave of "defense strikes," the figures belie the headlines. Recent figures released by the Bureau of Labor Statistics, and given as little attention as possible by the press, show that there were only a third as many workers on strike last year as in the year before we entered the first World War and less than half as many as in each of the war years. Illness and industrial accidents caused 130 times as much time lost last year as strikes, which averaged but two hours per year per worker. In eleven basic defense industries, less than one-fourth of one per cent of working time was lost through strikes. In the machine-tool industry there was but one day of strike for each 1,800 man-days of production. On the positive side, labor can point with pride to such achievements as the current work on the training station at Corpus Christi, Texas, which will be completed six weeks ahead of time, and the completion of the first airplane defense contract at Vultee forty days ahead of time. These are facts that you will not be able to find in your local newspaper.

*

A SHORTAGE IN STRATEGIC METALS IS TODAY hampering the defense program far more than any of the widely heralded labor disputes. The most serious deficiency at the moment is in nickel where demand is running at least a third ahead of supply, despite the fact that the International Nickel Company of Canada is operating at full capacity. Exploration is being made of the possibility of substituting molybdenum for nickel in steel alloys used in the automobile industry, although molybdenum itself is listed by the Army and Navy Munitions Board as one of the materials which must be safeguarded in the event of a war emergency. Tin prices have risen substantially in recent weeks, as a result of concern over supplies should the United States get involved in difficulties in the Far East. Despite two large purchases of copper from Chile in recent weeks, it is estimated that there will be a shortage of 100,000 tons in the next two months unless further purchases are made. There have been temporary suspensions in defense production because of inadequate supplies of zinc. And airplane production has been materially hampered by shortages in aluminum and magnesium, the output of which is under the monopoly control of the Aluminum Company of America. In the case of all these strategic metals, the shortages seem to have found the business executives responsible for production completely napping. As recently as January 2 the *Wall Street Journal* carried a feature article which asserted that the supplies of the important steel alloys on hand "are ample for nearly a year ahead . . . and no serious bottleneck . . . should develop."

*

THE LONG AWAITED REPORT BY MR. GANO Dunn, which Keith Hutchison mentioned in his article on Steel Capacity last week, has now been published. It supports the contention of the steel industry that defense and civilian demands can be met during the next two years without great additional expansion in plant. Less pleasing to the steel magnates is its advocacy of an even spread of orders among the producers, if necessary, by compulsion. This is in line with Mr. Philip Murray's argument that capacity is being wasted owing to the concentration of orders among the large concerns. Mr. Dunn's findings deserve more analysis than we have space for at this time. We can only point out that his estimate of civilian demands in the current year are based on the supposition that national income will not exceed $80,000,000,000. This is below other authoritative estimates but of course events may justify Mr. Dunn, particularly if production, and hence national income, is restricted by the inability of civilian industry to obtain adequate supplies of steel and other key materials.

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CORRECTION: The editorial on Communists and Unions which appeared in our last issue discussed the action taken by the executive council of the American Federation of Teachers. In subsequent references to the Federation the initials "A. F. of L." were used, through a typographical error, instead of "A. F. of T."—EDITORS THE NATION.

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Half Aid to Britain

THE Senate's delay in passing the aid-to-Britain bill provides a dramatic but tragic illustration of the inability of our legislators to sense either the magnitude or the imminence of the threat to England and the United States from the coming Nazi offensive. It is almost as if there were some fatalistic force which has decreed that our action in this crisis, as in others, shall be too little and too late. The full force of the Nazi fury is destined to fall in not more than sixty days; every hour counts. There would not be time under the best of circumstances to send Britain anything like all the aid it needs, but every plane, gun, or destroyer that can be rushed to the other side will be vital to Britain's defense. And if Britain succeeds in beating off the initial attack, the struggle will have just begun. For it may be assumed that Germany will stake everything on obtaining a decision before the year's end.

Few Americans seem as yet to be aware of the amount of aid that must be given if Britain is to survive the year. Germany not only has an immense head start in military and economic preparations, but its armament production is still far and away above that of the British. With the addition of the resources of the conquered territories, Germany has achieved a capacity for steel production that is approximately double that of Britain. America's resources are infinitely greater than those of Germany and the rest of Europe combined, but our shipments to Great Britain, though well above the peacetime level, are infinitesimal when compared with Germany's advantage. *And they have been declining in recent months.* The peak in American exports to Britain was in August when they reached approximately $125,000,000. September recorded a decline to $103,000,000; in October they were $107,000,000; in November $102,000,000; and December was the worst month of all, with but $101,250,000. Even at the August rate, the volume of American deliveries to the British Empire was less than the economic gain which Germany is deriving, month by month, from the conquest of France. If the advantages gained from the occupation of Czechoslovakia, Poland, Norway, Holland, and Belgium are taken into account, it is clear that Hitler is drawing twice as much from the conquered territories as England and the Empire are obtaining from the United States.

The plain fact is that the United States must deliver, as Fritz Sternberg has pointed out in his "Fivefold Aid to Britain," some $1,000,000,000 worth of supplies to the Empire each month. This is from four to five times what we are now sending. And this is not a need to be fulfilled in 1942 or 1943 when the arms program gets fully under way. The need will be greatest during the next few months; after that we can perhaps afford to slacken up a bit. But we cannot possibly attain the $1,000,000,000 a month figure unless we are prepared to make drastic sacrifices in domestic consumption. Our preparations for defense so far have proceeded on the assumption that a country like America can have both guns and butter. Any contrary opinion is treated in some circles as a betrayal of liberalism. It is true that if our national income were raised to $100,000,000,000 a year, we could well afford to devote a quarter of it to national defense and aid to Britain and still have sufficient to meet all our normal consumer demands. Such a goal is within our reach, but it cannot be attained in 1941. And we cannot afford to wait. Barring inflation, the maximum national income likely for this year is $85,000,000,000. If we are to get $12,000,000,000 out of this for Britain and another $10,000,000,000 or $12,000,000,000 for our own defense, it is obvious that we shall have to sacrifice some of the luxury goods we otherwise would consume. Germany stopped the production of private motor cars the day that war started. England took similar action last fall. But the United States, supposedly in the midst of a gigantic effort to build up its defenses, turned out more cars in January and February than in the corresponding months of any of the past few years. The priorities established last week in the aluminum industry are expected to reduce materially the use of the metal in cooking utensils. This is the first and only sacrifice American consumers have been asked to make for defense. It is, of course, wholly incommensurate with what is required. It is time we realized that unless we are willing to deprive ourselves of luxuries now we may be forced to make infinitely greater sacrifices following a British defeat.

The Balkan Squeeze

THAT well-known pacifist, Adolf Hitler, has prevailed on Bulgaria to resist not evil and is now in a position to present his most persuasive arguments to another small nation. His bloodless conquest of the Bulgars was based on the equally bloodless—so far as Germans were concerned—victory over Rumania. That enabled him to range his divisions along the Danube and, while they waited for the ice to melt, to employ all the weapons of the war of nerves in softening Sofia's backbone. The whole operation was carried through with perfect efficiency and now the Nazis are established along its frontiers, ready to use Bulgaria as a vaulting-horse into Greece or Jugoslavia or both.

Probably the second of these countries is the next on the timetable and there are clear signs that its government is getting ready to sign on the dotted line. Adhesion to the Axis will not be popular in Jugoslavia, where sentiment is definitely anti-German, but the country is almost surrounded by Nazi contingents; it is economically dependent on the Reich; and its army, while well-

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trained, lacks modern weapons. An army revolt is just possible but the odds indicate acceptance by Jugoslavia of "protection" and the opening to Germany of the direct Vardar river route to Salonika.

This will mean the concentration of hostile forces along practically every yard of the Greek land frontier. Squeezed in this manner, will the Greeks decide that honor has been satisfied by their valorous defense against Italy and that discretion now necessitates acceptance of a peace made in Berlin? From the German point of view it is of the utmost importance to obtain the surrender of Greece without battle. However much confidence Hitler may have about the outcome of an invasion of Greece, the necessity of fighting would be contrary to his plans. He is sincerely anxious to keep the war out of the Balkans because he does not want his chief granary disturbed and because the opening of a second front might interfere with his campaign against Britain. It is therefore worth his while to exercise patience in the hope of pulling off another bloodless victory. Mussolini, on the other hand, is evidently egging him on to attack Greece, since this might enable Italy to regain some of the prestige it has sacrificed in Albania. Moreover, a peaceful settlement with Greece might necessitate terms which would interfere with Italian aspirations.

It will need all Hitler's diplomatic skill to persuade the Greeks to quit. They are a fighting people whose rugged self-confidence has been raised to a new pitch by their success against Italy. They have little to gain from surrender and almost everything to lose, especially as Germany is believed to have promised bits of their territory to Bulgaria and Jugoslavia. Their mountainous land favors defense and they can count on some British aid.

But can Britain spare sufficient forces and material to enable the Greeks to withstand a Nazi onslaught with any hope of success? The first care of the British must be the defense of their own island for if that falls everything goes. Their next most vital base is Suez, since while they could lose Greece and hold Egypt, the reverse is not true. Nevertheless they cannot afford to withdraw from their last toehold on the continent and we can be sure that Mr. Churchill will do his utmost to give the Greeks support. The question is whether that utmost will seem sufficient to the Athens government, which is reported to have shown some hesitation about accepting offers of land forces lest they prove only effective in attracting the Nazi lightning.

The unknown but probably decisive factor in the strategic equation is Turkey. As we write, reports from Istanbul state that the Turkish government is mobilizing and concentrating troops in Thrace and that the recent pact with Bulgaria is considered nullified in view of Sofia's submission to Germany. The British government is said to be well satisfied with the results of Mr. Eden's visit to Ankara. Did he obtain an undertaking that a German attack on either Greece or Turkey would be resisted as a threat to Turkey's security zone? One of the chief reasons for the cloudiness of Turkey's policy is the still greater cloudiness of the Soviet position. Now Stalin has cautiously tangled one leg over the fence and by rebuking Bulgaria has made a protest, even if a rather feeble one, against Hitler's aggression in an area of vital interest to Russia. If this is to be construed as a green light to Ankara, there are good prospects of a joint Anglo-Greek-Turkish defense of the Aegean region and the Straits that could provide a serious stumbling-block to Hitler's ambition.

Why Tap Wires?

MR. ROOSEVELT'S letter to Representative Eliot of Massachusetts on wire-tapping places the Administration squarely on record against the Hobbs bill, to which *The Nation* objected last week. "As an instrument for oppression of free citizens," the President wrote Congressman Eliot, himself an opponent of wire-tapping, "I can think of none worse than indiscriminate wire-tapping." Mr. Roosevelt none the less believes that wire-tapping is justified in cases of espionage, sabotage, and perhaps kidnaping, but would make it subject to the approval of the Attorney General and confine the power to the Department of Justice. But to say that wire-tapping is justified in cases of espionage, sabotage, and kidnaping is to beg the question.

The Administration has yet to explain why there is greater need to tap wires now than there was in the previous war when the Wilson administration specifically forbade wire-tapping in taking over telephone and telegraphs. Spies and saboteurs were as much a danger then as now. It was felt then that the dangers from official snooping into private lives, with all the possibilities of blackmail it opens up, dictated a provision against wire-tapping. It was felt, on the other hand, that the spies and saboteurs would not discuss their plans by telephone or telegraph anyway, and that the power to tap wires was more likely to become an instrument of petty tyranny than a means of protecting national security. Is the situation any different today?

The second question which Mr. Roosevelt's letter fails to answer is whether under existing circumstances the Department of Justice can be trusted with this power. Under his proposal no wire-tapping would be allowed without the permission of the Attorney General, and the Attorney General is certainly a man of liberal views and good intentions. But the whole incident of the Hobbs bill throws a good deal of doubt on whether the Attorney General really runs his department. The bill was written by Alexander Holtzoff, a special assistant attorney general who is legal adviser of the FBI. Mr.

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Holtzoff said it was an official bill, approved by both the director of the FBI, J. Edgar Hoover, and by Mr. Jackson. Yet Hoover opposed the bill in its present form and Jackson is silent. If the department is so loosely organized that a bill of so important a character can emerge from it in so irresponsible a way, what hope is there of greater surveillance over routine orders permitting wire-tapping? Given the generally anti-labor and reactionary personnel of the FBI, have we any real guarantee that this power would not be used against labor and against persons of suspect views? One need not be very radical to be suspect to the FBI.

The truth is that the FBI is a stronghold of anti-New Deal elements which may yet play a sinister role in American history, that the Attorney General has no real control over it, that it runs true to the familiar rightist pattern of secret police agencies everywhere, that it has tapped wires despite the 1934 law forbidding the practice. No matter what Congress does, wire-tapping, like prostitution, is an evil which cannot be eradicated; but it should not be encouraged.

The Bill for the Coup

BY J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

IN HIS last speech Mussolini gave as one of the reasons for the delay in entering the war on Germany's side, Italy's contribution to the victory of Franco; the effort put forth by Italy in establishing in Spain a regime which today is cursed by 90 per cent of the Spanish people, had weakened considerably the military power of the Italians. On this point nobody will question Il Duce's sincerity. It is a fact abundantly proved in Albania and in Africa. But it was rather surprising to hear such a crude reference to Franco's obligations so short a time after the meeting on the Riviera. It sounded a little like an attempt at blackmail designed to overcome possible hesitations on the part of Spain to participate in an Axis drive on the Mediterranean.

A week later Stefani, the official Italian news agency, disclosed that Italy's claims on Spain for aid given the insurgents during the civil war amounted to 7,500,000,000 lire—about 379 million dollars at the present rate of exchange—though for some reason Mussolini has billed Franco for only 5,500,000,000 lire, to be paid in twenty-four annual instalments. Italy, according to the "balance sheet" issued by Stefani and published on the front page of the New York *Times* of February 28, sent Franco 763 planes, along with 1,414 motors, 1,672 tons of bombs, and 9,250,000 rounds of ammunition. For land forces Italy sent 1,930 cannon, 10,135 automatic guns, 240,747 small arms, 7,514,537 rounds of artillery ammunition, 324,900,000 rounds of small arms ammunition, and 7,668 motor vehicles.

In themselves these figures are the best and most authoritative corroboration of what most people already knew—that the war in Spain was not decided by Franco but by his Axis partners. The meaning of these figures can nevertheless be appreciated only when compared to the war material at the disposal of the Loyalists. In the decisive battle of Catalonia, at the end of the war, the Negrín government felt that it could escape defeat if it could be assured of 100,000 rifles, 3,000 machine guns, and 150 anti-tank guns—a trifle compared with the Italian figures. Negrín asked Daladier for these supplies only as a loan against war material that Loyalist Spain expected to receive within two months. But the French government, faithful to the policy of non-intervention, preferred to reserve the order. Sixteen months later Hitler took it, along with France itself.

The bill now presented by Mussolini to Franco will come as a shock to those people in this country who, during the Spanish war, discounted as red propaganda the allegations that German and Italian intervention was decisive in Spain. It may be that Hitler, instead of presenting his bill, prefers to have Franco pay it by opening Spain to the Nazi armies on their march against Gibraltar. But if Hitler did present his bill, it would not be much smaller than Il Duce's.

The facts concerning Italy's part in the Spanish civil war, now confirmed by Mussolini's bill, were long ago revealed in prolix documented statements by the Spanish Republican government. In the White Book submitted to the League of Nations as early as 1937 Italian participation in the war was described in full. Nevertheless, every question raised by Labor and Liberal members in the British House of Commons, from the moment of the publication of the White Book to the end of the war, invariably brought the reply: "His Majesty's Government lacks information."

Stefani now reveals that Italian submarines sank 72,800 tons of "hostile shipping"—it is designated as "hostile shipping" though Italy was not in a formal state of war with the Spanish Republic—and that "ninety-one Italian warships were engaged in Spanish war actions." At least for the historians of tomorrow, the Stefani communiques furnish the information which Lord Plymouth and his Non-Intervention Committee found so much difficulty in obtaining—since every ship that was lost on its way to Spain was officially referred to by the committee as having been sunk by action of "unknown" submarines.

There is, by the way, one bit of information which Stefani withholds—the present whereabouts of those ninety-one Italian warships.

Freda Kirchwey, Editor of The Nation, *has left for a month's vacation in Mexico and Central America. Her regular commentary will be resumed in the issue of April 5.*

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Division in the OPM

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, March 1

A CERTAIN fatuity does not seem to be the monopoly of the British Tories. "England," says the annual review number of *Iron Age*, "is suffering from the past sins of her Tory party. The watchword for too many years was high profits, no disrupting technological changes, and a beautiful belief that after-dinner speeches could overawe those Germans who were grinding out steel as fast as it would grind." The breastpockets of our own steel magnates are bursting with the most interesting statistical analyses showing that we will still have world steel predominance even should Germany defeat England and add British steel capacity to the factories under its control in Austria, Czechoslovakia, Belgium, France, and Luxembourg. This is comforting.

In past weeks, we have had similar assurances on aluminum, zinc, copper, nickel, and steel scrap, and we now have shortages in all of them. The echo of Mr. Stettinius's optimism on aluminum had hardly died away, before we found ourselves forced to cut civilian consumption on the Mellon metal by 75 per cent. It is true that if Hitler doesn't unleash a triple-barreled Axis attack upon the world within the next few weeks, and if we don't have to increase our defense appropriations, and if the national income isn't boosted too much by defense expenditures, and if we aren't drawn into war, and if it remains a long-distance naval war, and if no effort is made to land troops in China, Africa, or Europe, we will have plenty of steel. We need only make sure that Hitler pays as much deference to the wishes of the steel trust as we do.

New Dealers, searching for a rationalization, suspect deep Machiavellian purposes in the President's hearty acceptance of the Dunn report. They think that perhaps he is letting the steel crowd put itself on the spot. They visualize his saying, a year hence or eighteen months hence, "You people said we had plenty of steel. Now we have a shortage. You have shown your incapacity for leadership, your inability to subordinate your own vested interest in scarcity to your country's security." I hope it does not turn out that we have won an argument but lost a war.

If steel plants could be erected at the press of an executive's button, there would be no harm in accepting the Dunn report and forgetting about steel until we needed more of it. But it takes about eighteen months to construct a steel plant, and in about eighteen months we may find ourselves in the greatest war of all time. Why not put up a few additional steel plants just in case we need them? It is true that if we build these plants, they may endanger the price of steel in peacetime. This is the catastrophe from which the industry and the dollar-a-year-men turn away with a shudder.

Steel is a symbol of the problem that recurs over and over again in the machinery of our defense organization, and the constant reshufflings have failed to meet the issue. NDAC was transformed into OPM. Over the OPM there is soon to be an OEM, an Office of Emergency Management, but so far these spelling bee changes have yet to subordinate U. S. Steel to U. S. A. Nowhere in these alphabetical labyrinths has there yet appeared a man with enough strength to make the magnates realize that this war was not staged for their benefit.

It was hoped that when the President gave Sidney Hillman co-equal powers with Knudsen, Hillman would use them to bring labor's voice to bear on the problems of production. The hope is still unfulfilled. The corridors of the OPM and the dinner tables of the New Dealers are full of complaint that Hillman is too timid to assume these responsibilities, and his own explanations are feeble. His division still doesn't get to see contracts. The real power in the OPM machine is John D. Biggers, the Toledo glass-manufacturer, and the clique of Wall Street lawyers who penetrate every cranny of the defense setup as idealistic young lawyers from Harvard, Yale, and Columbia Law Schools once penetrated the New Deal. Biggers is head of the production division under Knudsen and Hillman, but there are more strings in his hands than in theirs.

Hillman's comfort in recent days was Knudsen's testimony before the House Judiciary Committee that no new legislation was needed to deal with much-exaggerated strikes in defense industries. He felt that Knudsen's maintenance of a united front with Hillman on this question justified the belief that the best policy toward the new powers given him by the President was to use them as sparingly as possible. Hillman was determined "to be a good boy." His reward is a public visit to the woodshed, for Knudsen, without consulting Hillman, has sent a letter to the Judiciary Committee suggesting a three-point program of legislation to curb strikes.

Knudsen is an able man and an honorable man but in spirit he's still a Du Pont hired man, and as long as he is at the top of the defense machinery it will never operate contrary to the wishes of big business.

This was demonstrated again in the meeting held

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here yesterday—the long-awaited meeting—on the Reuther plan. Everyone who took part was pledged to secrecy —the less publicity about the Reuther plan the better the automobile industry likes it. It took seven months before Reuther finally got a chance to sit down and tell his story to Knudsen, and though another meeting is scheduled for two weeks hence and the young United Automobile Workers leader is determined to keep hammering away, Knudsen will continue to stall as long as he can. Seven months have passed since Reuther first spoke to Hillman and Knudsen about his idea, the very simple idea that idle automobile equipment could be used for quantity production of plane parts. If Knudsen meant business, he would have ordered an independent investigation months ago. If Hillman had the drive, he would have forced Knudsen to act months ago. There has been no investigation because the automobile industry is afraid to let the public see just how much of its machine-tool capacity and of its production capacity is now idle and could be turned to defense purposes.

If there were a real sense of the crisis that may soon be upon us, the President would be freer to act than he is. An American aviation chief, with power to draw as he liked on steel, machine tools, aircraft, automotives, and aluminum, and a readiness to tread on toes, would have the planes rolling off the assembly lines before you could say excess profits tax. What we have is an ex-publisher from Chicago, until recently employed by, and trained under, that well-known anti-fascist, William Randolph Hearst. His qualification for the job of head man of OPM's plane-production division is that he is an amateur pilot. A labor leader who ought to know better assured me "off the record" that they had to have a man like M. C. Meigs because he "knew the aircraft people" and "we had to have someone who was persona grata with them." The idea seems to be that the aircraft people would not accept defense contracts, the fattest that have ever come their way, except from someone to whom they had been formally introduced. So we find ourselves back at fatuity.

"Big Boss" Bevin

BY A. HARDY

London, February 13

ERNEST BEVIN, a trade union leader who devoted himself almost exclusively to industrial affairs, has been picked up by the political situation in Britain and has fired the imagination of the country. Although Bevin was the man responsible for the coup that ousted George Lansbury from the leadership of the Labor Party, he has never sought the political limelight for himself. He has emerged as a figure of world importance not because he is an agile politician, but because he is an intelligent and courageous leader. It was politics that sought out Ernest Bevin.

When France fell last spring, it was to Bevin that Churchill turned to secure the strongest Minister of Labor England has ever known. Bevin sought the views of his colleagues in the trade unions, and made arrangements, after accepting the Ministry, to address a special conference of the trade union executives affiliated to the Trades Union Congress on how to win the war. For he believes that organized labor must be fully consulted on all matters affecting industrial changes. A small section of the old ruling class is much more concerned about this than it dares confess in public as yet. It knows his power and ability, but would prefer as Minister of Labor someone a little more tractable. Perhaps someone with a little more "Parliamentary polish," who would play the game more in accordance with the traditional rules. Any bias that Bevin has shown has been toward the workers, and his criticism of the Tories is fearless.

In a recent speech Sir Nevile Henderson, British Ambassador in Berlin at the outbreak of war, maintained that Britain and Germany would have to get together at the end of the war and form a bloc that would rule all Europe. Bevin publicly rebuked him, suggesting that in view of the part Sir Nevile played in bringing the nation to its present state, "he should have the decency to keep his mouth shut." Nor was Lord Stamp any too pleased when he was told to learn to run his railways before he started trying to run the country.

Sometimes the resentment of the aristocracy, the landowners, and the Tories shows itself plainly. Lord Winterton, criticizing the government, and particularly Bevin, in the House of Commons during the recent manpower debates, exclaimed that some of them were getting a little tired of hearing Bevin talk about his approach as a trade unionist to similar problems; and hoary Parliamentary traditionalists look down their noses when Bevin answers a question by saying "I have decided" rather than "It has been decided," which usage prefers.

Bevin would no doubt be more popular with the Tories and the employers if he would use his compulsory powers against the workers. But the Minister has his own views. It therefore seems surprising, on the face of it, that he should be criticized by even a small section of

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what are generally called the "progressive" M. P.'s. The leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons is Mr. Emanuel Shinwell, M. P. for Seaham Harbor, who scored a great victory for Labor over Ramsay Macdonald after Macdonald had left the Labor Party. Shinwell, a master of invective and debate, is extremely critical of Bevin because he will not introduce general industrial conscription. Clement Davies is lined up with Shinwell on this issue, and Lord Winterton, anti-fascist Tory landowner, has added his voice.

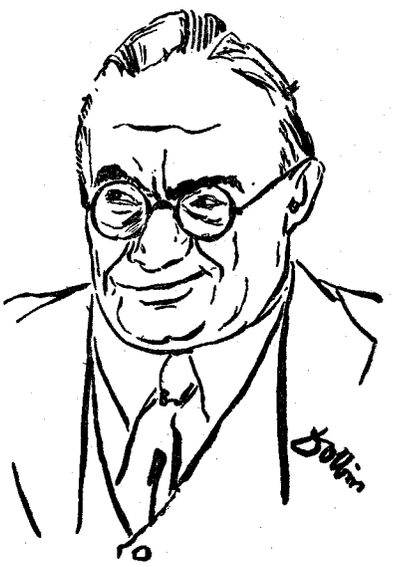
The Select Committee on National Expenditures, composed of thirty-two back-bench M. P.'s drawn equally from the three political parties and appointed by the House, has power to examine any books, papers, contracts, and persons, or any evidence relating to government expenditure on national defense. Their most recent observations, issued in December, 1940, are that Mr. Bevin is not using the powers vested in him to order any man or woman to undertake any work at any time, and that while they understand it is preferable to transfer workers with agreement and consent, "undue delicacy" should be thrown to the winds and the authority of the Minister "fearlessly used." But Bevin feels that Britain is waging a war for democracy and against dictatorship. He cannot agree to totalitarian methods. And if any political theory is advanced to prove him out of date, he disconcertingly points to the results achieved and says, in effect, "Theory or no theory, that's the way it works."

The Minister of Labor is already laying the foundation of a different system of society. The primary consideration in every change is that trade unions shall be allowed the same representation as employers' organizations. He has gone to the unions to get members for the new civil service he is building up at the Ministry so that, instead of a panel of bureaucrats, industry may have, on its legislative side, people with practical knowledge.

Under the Bevin regime, it has become obligatory for all employers at factories with more than 250 workers, to provide canteens at which a hot meal can be obtained. Dockers, too, who formerly worked on a casual basis, and whose practice was to line up at the docks and wait without pay for ships to berth, are to have canteens provided by the port authorities; but more valuable than that is the new arrangement which gives them a regular weekly wage with five and a half eight-hour shifts a week.

It was Bevin, too, who gave agricultural workers the best break they have had for years. Their wages have been lifted to a regular weekly rate of 48 shillings, an increase in most cases of 6 shillings a week. Thanks also to Bevin, the black-coated office worker has now been drawn into the State Unemployment Insurance Scheme if his wage comes under £420 a year. Formerly he was excluded if his wage was more than £250 a year.

An impetus has been given to collective bargaining and the recognition of trade unions by the institution of the National Arbitration Order. This was introduced as the result of negotiations between the British Employers' Confederation and the T. U. C. under Bevin's chairmanship. The order prohibits strikes and lockouts during the period of its operation, and it is likely to be extended to the end of the war. Even without it, it is doubtful whether any large-scale strikes or lockouts would be undertaken at the present time, for there would be no support for either from public opinion. There have been minor disputes over local grievances, involving, at the most, a couple of hundred men, but these have been settled in the course of a day or so. Broadly speaking, the fact that an employer can now be hauled up before a national tribunal established by the Minister, but operated independently, has strengthened the unions' claims.



Ernest Bevin

One of the finest achievements of the Ministry has been to sift the unemployed, and secure their willing service in jobs which, in the majority of cases, involve moving to different parts of the country. Panels were established at every employment exchange, charged with the task of interviewing every unemployed man on or off the register, to determine from their industrial backgrounds the possibility of training them for some occupations other than those for which they had qualified. The results were amazing. Unemployed distributive workers were found to have had engineering experience; unemployed miners had formerly been shipyard workers; and many thousands were found to have intimate knowledge of some form of mechanical work, which training could adapt for use in the production of munitions.

Today, with less than three-quarters of a million unemployed, there is no longer a vast reservoir from which to draw manpower for munitions. And more than half of the unemployed are women. With husbands or homes and children to care for, they are not available for work except in the district in which they live; and hardship and discontent would be created if it was attempted, by compulsion, to transfer them to other areas to live in lodgings. Among the men registered are many totally incapable of any but casual or light jobs. Every man capable of receiving training has accepted it, with few exceptions. Most of the "hard core" have now taken on a new lease of life at fifty, fifty-five, or sixty years of age, and mean to justify the confidence which has been placed

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in their capability to accept new training. The "worthless scrap" are rehabilitating themselves with the assistance of the government.

One of the early major problems which Bevin had to tackle was the loss of time from air raids. It was the practice to take shelter on hearing the air-raid warning. As some warning periods lasted two or three hours during the day, and at times more than twelve hours during the night, the number of man-hours lost was enormous. The adoption of the present system of going to shelter only when danger is imminent was made possible largely because of machinery for consultation which Bevin established. On his recommendation each factory speedily worked out its own plans for protection.

A few weeks ago another of Bevin's achievements was announced. It is the abolition of the "household means test," a formal inquisition applied to the household of every man who had been unemployed for twenty-six weeks or more. When assessing the need of an unemployed man, any of the family income, whether it was paid to the unemployed householder or not, was taken into account. An unemployed adult who lived with parents or relatives had to disclose the amount of their earnings, and if the combined household income was over a certain limit, no relief was allowed. A father was made dependent on his son or daughter, a son on the father. For the household means test the "personal" means test, to which neither the trade unions nor the Labor Party has any objection, has been substituted.

The problem which Bevin now faces is to get more manpower into the newly-constructed factories which are expected to be on full production by the end of May. His reservoir of unemployed men and women is gone. He cannot go to the agricultural projects and rob the land of labor for munitions production. The Limitation of Supplies Order, which cuts down production for the home market, will afford him some measure of surplus labor. Of this he can make full use. But it will be insufficient. Machine tools will be adjusted to carry full capacity, and skilled labor will be allocated to factories where it can be utilized to the utmost. A plan of working hours, scientifically calculated to reach a maximum of fifty-six, is the aim for every worker, although by shift and Sunday working, the factory will be going at full capacity for twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. Where factory owners do not fall into line with that plan, or where their production is not at full capacity, and shortage of raw materials cannot be given as an explanation, their factories will be taken over and run by the government, as many in fact already have been.

From this war, Bevin is confident, will come not only victory for Britain and democracy, but a new economic order based on social security for the workers. Nor will this be confined to Britain. Bevin, you see, has never forgotten his wider scheme of international control of the resources of the world, with a United States of Europe cooperating freely with the United States of America in a parliament of free men.

The Decision Is Simple

BY BROOKS ATKINSON

TO BE confused is to be weak. To be weak is to be lost. Yet many people profess to be confused by the shrieking world that is erupting all around them. "I don't know what to believe," they say, or "I can't make head or tail of anything." Perhaps some of the confusion derives from an unwillingness to face the stark facts, and their appalling consequences to us as well as to other nations in the world. But no one except a vain or superficial man would imagine that his mind is perfectly clear about peace, war, and the other great issues of the day. For the simple fact is that no one is master of a world that has plunged out of control, least of all the neurotic despot who symbolizes for most of us the grim and gruesome drive for world conquest. No one now can control the evil that has broken out of the charnel houses and is spreading across Europe and Asia and leaping across the oceans to our hemisphere.

But it seems to me that the confusion is superficial, a matter of policy—rather than fundamental, a matter of morals. It derives chiefly from politics, which is subtle and mischievous, and economics, which is intricate and open to dispute. Neither politics nor economics is an integral part of the world of God and nature in which we move and have our being. We must not be guided by them. Politics is a game of wits played on or just under the surface, dealing in half truths and deliberate misrepresentations and maneuvering for advantages. It is a game of barter and deception. Strictly speaking, there are no honest politicians. Our happiness, our lives, are largely affected by politics, particularly by political blunders like the long series of evasions and intrigues that concluded with the declarations of war in September of 1939. But the cynical, beady-eyed world of politics is not the one you and I inhabit in our relations with our neighbors and friends. The political world is not a complete expression of human nature.

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Nor is the economic world a complete one. It is not a part of human life. It is the technique of the production and distribution of wealth, and the busy, smoky, clattering little area it occupies is hedged around with property. It does not represent anything fundamental in human nature. If we were condemned to live all our lives in the economic world we should have to get on without drama, music, literature, and dancing, without love and friends, without birds and trees, without the grandeur of the sea. The freedom of spirit, which is the vital part of human creation, has finer-spun spheres of influence to occupy than the economic world. Although the ordeal of the world now is at least in part a clash of opposing economies, that is not the reason our hearts stand still when we read the news from Britain, China, and the Near East. Politics and economics clutter our minds a good deal more than we wish they did, but they do not come out of our souls and they are only casually related to the fulness of life we have an instinct for living.

A TIME FOR SIMPLE DECISIONS

When evidence appears to be confusing it is wise to make simple decisions that represent the integrity of our characters. Wise decisions harmonize with the fundamental truths of human nature. Now, the basic questions that people are asking themselves today are moral ones. In the last analysis, we are concerned with what is right and wrong. I am not talking of personal morals, which involve matters of taste, local custom, and religious creed; I am referring to social morals. They are the standards of behavior that men, living together in social groups, have evolved out of their consciousness and unconsciousness as the working truths of mankind. Social morals have an ancient lineage that goes back further than the laws of Moses. Social morals derive from the belief that men have unlimited capacities for growth out of barbarism into consciousness, out of the appetites of animalism into nobility. By certain fundamental agreements, involving justice, mercy, freedom of thought and expression, social groups nurture and cultivate the growth of mankind. The moral nation is the one that guarantees the freedom of the people, safeguards the health of the population, educates and cherishes the children, fosters art, spreads knowledge, endeavors to promote honest dealings between individuals and groups, lives as a good neighbor with other nations, tries constantly to widen and deepen its understanding with faith in the destiny of mankind.

In the superficial worlds of politics and economics nearly all the current questions can be argued. We can easily confuse each other over a great many plausible questions—whether economic necessity forces Japan to dominate the East, whether Germany has an ethnographic right to draw boundaries according to racial strength in adjoining countries, whether it would be shrewd for the United States to give all possible aid to Great Britain now, or whether it would be smart to walk softly and appease Hitler's temper. These questions and questions like these can be argued until everyone loses his convictions.

But the moral test is not open to argument. Even in a headlong world we can find a solid place on which to stand if we ask ourselves what is right and wrong in human conduct; and I think the basic factors in the current world situation are beyond questioning. To put everything in the simplest moral terms—it was wrong for Japan to grab Manchukuo in 1931 and to spread like a scourge through China, contemptuously bombing civilians in the cities that have resisted; wrong for Italy to ravage Ethiopia, wrong for Germany and Italy to conspire against the legitimate government of Spain, wrong for Germany to roll tyrannically with a clatter of guns and rifles into Austria, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, Rumania, Bulgaria; wrong for Russia to engulf the small Baltic states and to crush the national independence of the Finns. These things are wrong, not because they violate international law, but because they have struck at the spirit of man, which is the creative force of the world. They have stained civilization red by the inhumanity of their motives and methods.

It will be noticed that the sequence of evil has constantly increased in horror and contempt: that the Japanese defended the larceny of Manchukuo as law-enforcement against bandits in 1931, but that Germany did not feel required to defend her treacherous conquests of Denmark, Norway, Holland, and Belgium in 1940. For evil feeds on evil and the cunning hand acquires skill in murder. The course of events from 1931 to 1940 points the way that the coming years will follow if thieves, murderers, and despots are not curbed. These things are wrong: there are blunt words for them with moral overtones—pillage, rapine, slaughter, treason, savagery. The blood has spattered around the world; the air aches from suffering; the patient earth is scorched and blistered and has meekly opened to receive her dead. This is the moral indictment.

Granted that these are perversions of the moral code of social living, what is the next step? Many people feel especially confused here. The politics and the strategy can be argued interminably. Some people feel that we, as Americans, can wriggle out of moral responsibility by politely averting our eyes from the ashes of the homes where innocent people have been living blameless lives, and by stopping our ears against the roar of battle. But in the sphere of morals a man does not bargain with thugs and murderers for his personal safety. (Incidentally, it does him no good.) For the man of moral integrity lives day by day according to a code of honor without regard for his personal advantage. He stands for what is

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honorable and tries to promote honorable actions; he opposes with his full strength actions that are dishonorable. When his brothers are viciously assaulted, driven from home and herded in bleak barracks, robbed, starved, tortured, and killed, he does not consider the consequences of what he says and does. Whatever violates the code by which he lives with his fellows is his business and he dedicates himself to correcting it. For the moral code is not a system of etiquette for polite social usage. It composes the fundamental truths of humanity and justice, wrung out of the painful experience of mankind since civilization began, and founded on the faith that men can flourish on love and enlightenment.

THE DOUBTERS AT HOME

All this comes painfully close to home. We are confused internally as well as externally. But the moral attitude toward the fundamentals of living also applies at home. If the democratic way of life were not a moral concept of human relations it would not be worth preserving. If freedom were not creative, and the vital source of the present and future, it would not be worth the staggering price we must pay to retain and strengthen it. To look on democracy simply as a form of government is to underestimate the fulness of the life it nourishes. It does not merely preserve our liberties; it enriches our spirit. It is part of the moral wisdom of the ages—men living together with mutual respect in the tradition of a common destiny. Far from being one stage in the development of civilization or a lucky set of laws, it is a fundamental idea, and it cannot be regarded as moribund or inefficient because it has not yet been achieved.

I am surprised now and then to see people shaking their heads ruefully over matters of principle that should make them hold their heads high. For a century and a half we have been establishing in this country a working democracy without the curb or impediment of a ruling class. We were lucky in the beginning. Class distinctions and feudal ideas had not had time to become embedded in our soil. If the slate was not entirely clean when the Constitution was written, it was cleaner of privilege than any other slate of that time, and wiping it clean in 1787 was a fairly painless process. In a century and a half there has never been a time when any considerable body of the country looked back longingly at the old ways of Europe.

Although we have never achieved full democracy we have progressed steadily in that direction with a robustiousness that at times has seemed comic to sophisticated worldlings. The tone has often been grandiloquent, for the free American loves to sound off. But the progress has been astonishing. See how the wealth of the country has been developed. See how widely education has been spread. Contrast the confident tone of labor today with the meekness of factory workers a century ago. Contrast working conditions today with those that existed early in your own lifetime. I remember the early morning whistle and the servility of factory workers in my home town when I was a boy. The progress toward the "dignity of man," as it is somewhat fatuously described today, has been swift and far-reaching and is still running in the progressive direction.

Everyone ought to feel encouraged by something that is right from the moral point of view and that also happens to work. Everyone ought to be proud. But I occasionally encounter the faint-hearted. After all these decades some people have missed the main point. Some weeks ago a financier said to me, half in reverie, I hope: "Perhaps democracy has fulfilled its function. Other forms of government have collapsed in the past, and there is no reason to believe that democracy is any exception. Perhaps we are too prejudiced to see what fascism has to offer in an industrial civilization." Well, it is discouraging to encounter that much obtuseness at this late hour in the day. If democracy has fulfilled its function, the financier is through. But why should we take the low view? Why not take the high view, which is this: If democracy has outlived its usefulness, Christ was the most calamitous of false prophets, Lincoln was an eloquent nit-wit, and we have been tragically misguided as a nation. If democracy has outlived its usefulness, slavery is the highest state to which man can aspire.

Most of us understand that the ordeal of the world today is not only a war but a revolution. The violence that explodes and blazes in strange places is not the wilful invention of one fiend in military dress but an agonizing readjustment in the lives of nations. The same readjustment, incidentally, has been going on here amid considerable screaming. But let us not helplessly regard violence as the way civilized nations normally put their house in order. The violence of the past nine years in Asia and Europe has not emanated from any nation that has been founded on the democratic tradition of seeking and obeying the accumulated common sense of a well-informed populace. Violence is barbaric; it represents either a collapse or a lack of mind and moral integrity. In spite of the fact that violence wears a look of injured righteousness, it is purely and desperately destructive. It is not a philosophy of community living, but a brutally real force in the current world, and an attitude of benign laissez-faire cannot stand up against it. To meet it we must strengthen ourselves with more of the muscle and fiber that already have given us the widely-recognized strength of today. What the idealists of the eighteenth century created out of faith in man's infinite capacities must be more abundantly fulfilled. Our system of government needs profound and radical development in the direction of total democracy.

In a general way, what we have now is political and religious democracy—wonders a century ago but com-

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monplace rights of the individual man in the United States of today. People speak freely in public and in the press. People assemble openly to discuss public policy, criticizing the chief executive sometimes with unnatural passion. All men—not merely men of property, as it used to be—vote on election day with moving solemnity and they instinctively accept the common verdict. Moreover, people worship in churches of their own choosing without fear of persecution, and there is no official church. Although occasional abuses break out against these forms of liberty, the people as a whole loathe intolerance. Throwing eggs and fruit at the opposing candidate shocks people deeply and arouses a storm of protest. Disfiguring synagogues, forming secret anti-Catholic organizations, are flagrant violations of the democratic faith, and they are commonly hated. On the whole, we have achieved political and religious democracy because they are morally right. They also work, which, as it happens, is no part of the moral question, although it is conspicuously encouraging.

TWO-THIRDS OF A DEMOCRACY

But no democracy can be regarded as fulfilled until everyone participates equally. No freedom is absolute unless it is extended to all people, and until everyone has equal freedom of action. I assume that no one believes we have developed democracy that far in this country. The Negro race, with a population of 12,000,000, was established here by our ancestors under conditions we have since repudiated, but it is still held in economic and social bondage through the ancient evil of race prejudice. The free action of the Jews in our society is curtailed by race prejudice. Race prejudice is fomented by vicious journals sold in the public streets. Moreover, many white Americans are living mean and meager lives. Thousands of tenant farmers are caught between the grindstones of an industrial economy, and are existing in wretched conditions without hope. Thousands are scratching land that has been worn out for decades. Thousands have been dispossessed from dead land by the baking sun and the blistering winds and have crawled out of the inferno of dust storms toward land that looks green. More than four million families are subsisting below the minimum standards of safe diet on a food expenditure of $1.06 per person a week. Even in these abnormal times of rearmament, 6,500,000 out of an estimated working population of 55,000,000 are unemployed and sustained by makeshift programs that are commonly held in disfavor. England's economy has not supported its entire working population for more than two decades. Ours has failed in its primary function—that of supporting the entire population—for one decade. To millions of Americans, therefore, democracy is a hypocritical word; it tastes sour on the tongue. To have such a large portion of the population cut off from the basic principle of the country is a dangerous practical weakness. From the moral point of view it is wrong.

These festers on the body of the country are not all of a kind and cannot be cured by the same therapy. Like an old canker that sleeps in the system, breaking out at recurrent intervals, race prejudice is a virulent form of ignorance. It can be fought only with knowledge and moral teaching. Although it cannot be cured in any man's lifetime it can be steadily alleviated. Teaching, which is the active form of faith, digs deeper and deeper into the consciousness of every generation.

But the spread of economic democracy among people able to work is capable of quicker fulfilment. For this is a matter of economics, which is not a part of human vitality, but a technique of the production and distribution of wealth, and it has no relation to human life apart from what we choose to give it. Fortunately, it can be changed any time it does not meet the democratic needs of the country, and it can be changed by lawful process if the people will it that way. Geoffrey Crowther, editor of *The Economist* of London, estimates that a half of the national income in normal times would guarantee adequate living conditions to every person in that country, and probably the same proportion of income would do the same job here. The price would be cheap in comparison with the good it would create. People are more frightened by economic changes than by any other. They accept without protest the principle of drafting an army in peacetime, although it infringes remarkably upon personal liberty. But the prevailing system of economics involves property, which in turn represents to most people at least the illusion of security; and people hang on to property rights with a kind of ominous desperation.

From the moral point of view, which is the foundation of the democratic way of life, we have first to ask ourselves what is right and wrong. Is economic freedom as essential to democracy as political and religious freedom? Is it right from the moral point of view to keep millions of people ill-fed when the granaries are choked with unsold surpluses, or to have millions of people living in primitive conditions when in normal times the production capacities of industry are only partly used? Are human needs more vital than property rights?

For all this is an essential part of the warfare that has been raging with increasing cruelty all over the world for about eight years, driving millions of people into forlorn exile, sentencing whole populations to slavery at the point of a rifle, defiling the wonders of the deep with the broken hulls of ships and the cold bodies of sailors; murdering men, women, and children in convulsions of terror; crushing the truth that we have labored for centuries to lift out of the darkness. Are these things right or wrong? We cannot foresee the result of the steps we take to resist and stop them. But people who are not degenerate know what direction those steps must take.

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From Cárdenas to Camacho

BY HARRY BLOCK

Mexico City, February 27

NEARLY three months after the inauguration of Avila Camacho, the major political fact in Mexico is still the strength of his government. For the moment, at least, it finds support all the way from the labor movement to the bankers' association. How long this almost unanimous approval can be retained will depend on a number of factors to be discussed presently, but it is a curious commentary on the 90 per cent electoral majority claimed by Almazán that except for a tiny remnant of die-hards even his followers are applauding Avila Camacho. This has been explained in the United States by saying that Camacho appropriated his opponent's platform. Despite the superficial evidence giving grounds to this theory, I suspect it may have been rather prematurely advanced. A change there has certainly been, but the ultimate nature of the present administration is obscured by imponderables of an inner political struggle that has not yet fairly begun.

General Manuel Avila Camacho has an honorable, if unspectacular, record in the Mexican Revolution. The political quip of the Almazánistas, dubbing him the "unknown soldier," is hardly borne out by the facts, which show that he fought in all the major campaigns from 1913 to 1929 and received his military promotions in active service rather than, like many of his more celebrated contemporaries, out of political expediency. Until 1933, when he entered the War Department as *Oficial Mayor,* he had never held political office; Cárdenas, a close friend and in many of his former posts his direct military superior, appointed him Under-Secretary, and later Minister, of Defense. Nevertheless, Camacho made no political commitments and was never identified with the "ideology" of the Cárdenas regime, a circumstance contributing to his selection as candidate of the PRM (Party of the Mexican Revolution), which found him an ideal compromise between its right and left wings.

It should be recalled that the radicals of the party were the first to indorse him, since they recognized that Mexico would not be able to maintain the Cárdenas pace through another six years. Avila Camacho was considered a political moderate and an able administrator, an executive capable of consolidating the Cárdenas heritage and of bringing order out of the transitional chaos—which was exactly what the radicals wanted. The conservatives were equally satisfied with the choice, seeing in it a guarantee against further experimentation and adventure. But the fact that the probable character of the new government was implicit from the beginning did not mean that inner-party differences had been liquidated; it simply meant they were temporarily postponed in order to defeat the threat represented by Almazán and would be resumed over the question of whether the "pause" the radicals were offering would be turned by the conservatives into headlong retreat.

All the emphasis of the closing weeks of Avila Camacho's campaign was on national unity; his promise of "a government for all" and his offer to form his administration with representatives of all factions were clearly intended to woo followers from the opposition and to erase the bitterness which, under Cárdenas, had split Mexico into two warring camps. This in itself was a wide departure from tradition, as Mexican presidents, like good soldiers, usually march into office with the left foot forward. But as Camacho was assured of popular backing, his strategy was to win over the strongly conservative middle class and to hold out sufficient inducement to finance and business to lift the economic siege by which these had paralyzed the Cárdenas government.

Under these conditions, it was no secret that the new Cabinet would include members of the PRM's anti-Cárdenas faction, although the decisive influence ascribed to the leaders of the party's right wing, General Abelardo L. Rodríguez and Emilio Portes Gil (both ex-Presidents of Mexico), has been considerably exaggerated. The Cabinet, in fact, with a few exceptions, is made up of personal friends and political allies of the President. It seeks to face both ways at once, in a balance of conservative and progressive elements which to a certain extent is a reflection of the government's heterogeneous support. And although popular opinion is inclined to predict Cabinet changes in the near future, it is obviously to the President's advantage to postpone such family crises as long as possible.

The economic basis of the new political trend can be summed up briefly. The United States now controls over 85 per cent of Mexico's foreign trade. The country has always, of course, been economically dependent on our own, but the former 60-65 per cent American share in Mexico's exports and imports left a certain margin on which to build an illusion of national autonomy. Other markets have now been shut off by the war. Mexico can neither sell its raw materials to, nor import manufactured goods from, Europe. Trade with South America has always been insignificant, and the potential South American market for the only big export industry

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in Mexican hands is virtually closed by the boycott of the British and American oil companies. Improvement of this condition must wait on the termination of the war or on a planned organization of inter-American economy, neither of which is an immediate prospect. Meanwhile, Mexico must so obviously cut its cloth to the American pattern that it is unnecessary to look for signs of additional pressure.

The great problem with which the new government must deal, however, is the continued rise of internal prices. Mexican manufactures are currently in the doldrums because the mass of the population is unable to buy anything but food, and can buy very little of that. Driven up by middlemen and speculators, retail food prices in Mexico City have risen more than 90 per cent since 1934, and the average increase for the whole country is nearly 60 per cent. Wages, of course, have by no means kept pace with this rise, so that the much-advertised labor offensive of recent years has thus far resulted in lower real wages. The Cárdenas government, for all its good intentions, did nothing but shadowbox with this problem, its own inflationary tendencies aggravating it and encouraging the speculative frenzy. The one agency it set up to "regulate" the market for essential foodstuffs was so handicapped by its own poverty and by official indecision that it was able to make only the smallest impression on the price level, and even then it provoked violent attack from the press. With the food dealers taking over 80 per cent of the income of wage-earners, there is very little left for other purposes.

To judge by its initial measures, the new regime hopes to turn present depression into prosperity by restoring the business confidence supposed to have been killed by Cárdenas, and so induce private capital to embark again on productive enterprise. But even if the influx of foreign capital on which the government is said to be heavily counting, materializes it is hard to see what real improvement will be secured. Though industrial expansion will mean wider employment and a larger gross income, it will also mean greatly increased demand. Food prices will not be brought down, and the cost of other consumers' goods will rise to join them. The rock on which all these optimistic plans for swift industrialization come to grief is the uncomfortable fact that the Mexican people don't get enough to eat, and little progress will be made until some stable relation is established between earnings and prices.

This can be put another way by pointing out that the Mexican agrarian revolution, in spite of the great momentum it received under Cárdenas, is still far from complete and that the industrial structure will necessarily be lopsided and distorted until the land problem is satisfactorily settled. It is no longer a question of mere distribution of lands, for although much still remains to be done in that direction, enough has already been accomplished to provide a solid basis for a reorganization of rural economy. The problem is now one of technique and capital resources. The real place for capital investment is primarily in the new structure of Mexico's agriculture, which should be based on an integral program of collectively worked *ejidos* and large-scale mechanized methods wherever local conditions will permit, combined with scientific cultivation, ample credit, a network of local roads, electrification, and marketing facilities that will eliminate profiteering middlemen. The considerable resources now lying idle in the banks or devoted to parasitic or speculative ends, could, if made available for agricultural development under government supervision, measurably reduce the appalling poverty that impedes general industrial expansion.

To allay conservative fears and to appease the critics of Cárdenas's "agrarian bolshevism," the President has issued since December 11 a series of rulings on land matters. In deference to the demand that the *ejidos* be divided into individual holdings, the new rulings order the immediate parcelization, with property titles, of all *ejidos* already constituted and of future grants. The sanctity of "small property" immune to agrarian reform is once more affirmed, the goal apparently being to lay down a definition of rural property rights that will end the uncertainties and agitation of the past. Whether or not in response to sharp criticism from the left it is still impossible to say, but a later ruling has made clear that in such collectivized regions as the Laguna cotton and wheat *ejidos,* literal parcelization will be replaced with certificates guaranteeing the membership rights of peasants within the *ejido,* so that what at first looked like a death blow to Cárdenas's contribution to the agrarian reform may actually help to consolidate it. But until agricultural production has been greatly increased over present levels, other government measures to underwrite the security and profitability of new industrial capital are a way of putting the cart before the horse; they reach only a small segment of the national economy and while they may produce a temporary counterfeit of prosperity, they seem destined to result in new industrial conflict when the spread between wages and prices becomes intolerable.

That conflict, should it develop, will put a severe strain on the middle-of-the-road position which the new government has tried to take and in which certain ominous cracks are already becoming visible. On February 12, General Rodríguez delivered an oratorical blast against "labor demagogues" and the "experiments based on exotic theories" of the Cárdenas regime. Inevitably, his speech has been compared with the famous Calles statement of June, 1935, which provoked the rupture with Cárdenas and laid the basis for the subsequent events of the Cárdenas period. Rodríguez, reputed to be one of Mexico's wealthiest bankers and industrialists, has re-

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placed Calles as the most authoritative spokesman of the group of native capitalists which has grown up under the aegis of the Revolution; his address has been given wide publicity by press and radio and has drawn a bitter reply from the labor movement, which charges him with assuming leadership of the reactionary opposition to the President. This is a rather optimistic view of the situation, for the faction Rodríguez represents is a part of the government and is more actively engaged than labor itself in the task of depriving its enemies of political importance.

President Avila Camacho

At bottom, of course, these periodical squalls involve nothing less than the two antagonistic trends observable in the Mexican Revolution since 1910 and responsible for the zigzag course of the movement's development. Every President has had to face this dilemma, but has yet found the compromise that would satisfy the aspiration and demands of both groups and so preserve the unity, even within the so-called "revolutionary family," for which all have striven. If the labor and agrarian drive for higher real wages and continued land distribution is officially encouraged, the regime will lose many of its present supporters among employers, while if it curbs the popular movement in the interests of "social peace" and high profits, it will gradually deprive itself of the mass support with which it came into power. Sooner or later, this decision will have to be made.

This analysis is dependent, naturally, on how persistently labor will stick to its own guns in the face of what promises soon to become an employer counter-offensive.

Overshadowing everything else in the public mind, however, is the war and the question whether Mexicans will be called upon to fight in it. The Pan-American agreements of Lima, Panama, and Havana have committed Mexico to aid the other American republics to defend the western hemisphere. People are increasingly asking if the government's commitments go beyond that and are demanding clear definitions of what is meant by defense and aggression. In brief, they fear the United States is about to be drawn into a war with Germany and they want to know if in that case Mexico will be expected to fight.

It has been instructive to watch the change in general sentiment during the past year. As they see the conflict drawing closer to American shores, the newspapers that used to be filled with panegyrics on Hitler and Mussolini when the victims were Austria, Czechoslovakia, and Spain, have become ardent champions of democracy—perhaps with the idea of qualifying for the shower of American defense money they hope will soon begin to flow south of the Rio Grande. The deflation of Mussolini and the Nazi methods of total war have likewise helped dissipate enthusiasm for the Axis, and there is general admiration for the courage displayed by the British people since last September. Pro-Nazis are confined almost entirely to the German colony and to those native fascists who are wholly unregenerate; the lurid tales of dangerous fifth-column conspiracies published by the more sensational American press, are wholly imaginary. Official neutrality, never very hardy, has been virtually abandoned since June of last year; in spite of the absence of diplomatic relations with England, government sympathies are clearly not for Germany.

But while the number of those who would welcome a German victory is strictly limited, there is no corresponding enthusiasm for the Anglo-American cause. Mexicans resent the peculiarly British attitude of arrogant aloofness in dealing with "natives" and also have a tendency to recall that in the 120 years of their country's independent life, they have been invaded once by France and three times by the United States. It would be a grave error to believe that the loss of Texas and California, the bombardment of Vera Cruz, and the Pershing expedition left no wound in national susceptibilities. There is plenty of historical justification, of course, for the Mexican War, but it is harder to find moral excuses for what General Grant called "one of the most unjust wars ever waged by a stronger against a weaker nation."

The present emergency is reawakening fears of military as well as of economic penetration which the good-neighbor policy had done much to dispel. Public uneasiness has already obliged the government to make repeated denials that it will give military bases to the United States or that foreigners will directly participate in Mexico's military preparations. The theme of Yankee ambitions is a sore point in Latin America, and General Franco's apologists, who have taken over from the clumsier Nazi strong-arm men the task of representing Axis interests, are posing with some success as the patriotic defenders of national sovereignty. It is precisely this circumstance which is puzzling the labor movement, whose skepticism of British war aims is heightened by the paradoxical flirtation with Franco.

At the same time, most Mexicans realize that no country—and certainly not a defenseless one—can isolate itself in the present world and that, for obvious geographical and economic reasons, Mexico's future is inevitably bound up with that of the United States. Cooperation thus becomes an almost elementary necessity.

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But there are kinds and degrees of cooperation, and the kind the United States is likely to get will be determined by the kind it gives. Even the goal of military strength will scarcely be achieved unless government agreements are reinforced with popular approval; the rejoicing with which the coming general agreement to settle all outstanding differences between the two countries will be received, since it is expected to end the three-years' boycott that has crippled foreign trade and the currency, will doubtless be tempered with disappointment over the fact that the old Chamizal dispute (involving a tract of land on which a part of the city of El Paso is built, awarded to Mexico by arbitration in 1911) has not been included in the negotiations. The war and the exigencies of defense are encouraging a tendency that has always existed in both countries to retard Mexico's social and economic progress, but this shortsighted policy can be followed only at the risk of allowing the prophets of Franco's Neo-Hispanicism to gain adherents in wider circles than they have thus far been able to penetrate. In exchange for full cooperation, the Mexican people want freedom to solve their own problems without alien interference; in the long run, the democratic and peaceful Mexico that may be expected to result would be a greater asset to inter-American solidarity than a country suffering from a frustration neurosis.

Bethlehem Bends

BY JAMES A. WECHSLER

Lackawanna, N. Y., March 1

FOR thirty-nine hours this dreary steeltown on the edge of Lake Erie was American labor's most dramatic front. The local Bethlehem Steel plant, one of the largest in Bethlehem's empire and loaded with $250,000 in defense orders, was almost smokeless and silent. Though clusters of non-strikers stayed inside the plant overnight because the picket lines were too formidable, the great bulk of the 14,000 employees were out. They mugged for newsreel cameras, built campfires on the picket lines, piled into union headquarters to sign up with the C. I. O.'s Steel Workers Organizing Committee. The bars did big business too, because this hadn't happened in Lackawanna since 1919.

It all seemed pretty simple to the pickets, some of them ageing, work-worn men who remembered 1919, others young kids who went from school to steel mill the way their fathers had and the way their children will. The corporation had the best year of its life in 1940 with $48,677,524 in profits, but no substantial wage boosts had been granted. Pay envelopes were 10 to 20 per cent fatter in organized plants. When the S. W. O. C. started to win new support in the Lackawanna plant and to clamor for increases, the corporation suspended a thousand men, including a high quota of active unionists. So the S. W. O. C., half in desperation, half in defiance, called a strike—"and the damn thing is shut down, just look at it." The night the strike began some heads were conked and the Buffalo police (one plant gate leads into Buffalo) weren't too gentle at first; but the strikers kept saying they wouldn't go back until Eugene Grace welcomed them as union men.

The issues were simple because Bethlehem Steel's anti-unionism in the first war and in this one is a matter of public record; but this strike wasn't a simple affair or a narrow test of strength. It was a national battle from the moment it began; and throughout the thirty-nine hours it lasted there was abundant evidence that the S. W. O. C. was racing against time, fearing a propaganda barrage. The truth is that the strikers gleefully returned to work without waiting for any redistribution of Bethlehem's wealth. Yet the S. W. O. C. leaders publicly hailed the outcome as "a great labor victory" and privately considered it at least a major strategic advance, although the terms of the settlement weren't gaudy. The agreement reached in Washington provided reinstatement of the suspended workers, conferences with the management to "discuss" wage adjustments, and "exploration" by the OPM and the Labor Board of the possibility of an election at the plant. Outwardly these are moderate terms. In the present national setting, it was a happy ending for the S. W. O. C.

The S. W. O. C. undertook the walkout with genuine reluctance, partly because its leaders were not heedless of production needs, partly because they knew that they would have to win fast or risk a disastrous defeat. There were too many Congressmen ready to yell treason and too many publishers anxious to thump the C. I. O. and too many muddled citizens who get their lowdown on labor from Westbrook Pegler. The S. W. O. C. called the strike because there wasn't any alternative except surrender; because Bethlehem was apparently risking condemnation by the Labor Board at some remote date in order to cripple the C. I. O. drive now.

Whatever Bethlehem's strategy, the S. W. O. C. couldn't afford to submit without a fight. So the strike summons was issued and the response was even more favorable than the leaders had anticipated. If it hadn't

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been impressive, it is doubtful that Bethlehem Steel would have signed any truce at all, for this would have been the time to settle "the C. I. O. problem" once and forever. Instead, the strike proved the reverse: that the corporation which has held out more fiercely than any other steel plant was vulnerable.

There were three chief gains for the S. W. O. C. in the settlement hammered out in Washington and ratified unanimously by the strikers. The first was the demonstration that the S. W. O. C. could protect its members in this anti-union citadel. After the strike was called off several thousand workers paraded gaily along the highway that runs parallel with the plant. They plastered their coats and hats with union buttons and they went back to work without hiding the decorations. Secondly, the strike's outcome vindicated the strategy of fighting on one Bethlehem front at a time, rather than striving for a general strike throughout Bethlehem's far-flung set-up; the threat of further tie-ups undoubtedly hastened Bethlehem's ratification of the agreement here. Finally, if the wage-conferences now provided by the OPM agreement turn out to be merely make-believe, with Bethlehem refusing to grant any wage changes, the S. W. O. C. will be able to appeal again for federal help; the assumption now is that Bethlehem has agreed to genuine bargaining.

The swift end of the Lackawanna strike is no sign of permanent peace in Bethlehem Steel. This was a skirmish, although so far the most important one. But the true causes of unrest inside this and other Bethlehem plants won't be dissolved until decent wage increases are granted and genuine collective bargaining established. There is no doubt that the S. W. O. C. would win an election now at Lackawanna and that its strength is mounting fast in other Bethlehem strongholds. There will be other flare-ups soon.

The Administration's role in the Lackawanna clash was a sympathetic one, largely through Sidney Hillman's efforts; and S. W. O. C. chieftains, who haven't always seen eye to eye with Hillman on matters of strategy, are outspoken in praising his handling of the affair. They are also relieved that the President spurned efforts to get a "plague-on-both-your-houses" statement from him. The only dismal Washington note was Secretary of Labor Perkins's statement that the strike was called "too suddenly." In actual fact, the crisis had been plainly coming for a good many weeks, and the Capitol was officially warned more than a week before the strike call.

Several months ago Philip Murray informally told reporters that "Bethlehem is the touchstone of where labor stands under the defense program. If they can get away with the same labor policy they used in the last war—no collective bargaining and no decent wage increases—we haven't made any progress."

The Lackawanna strike was progress.

In the Wind

A BUSINESS newsletter from Washington advises its clients that in the section served by TVA power a good market for electrical equipment has come into being. In December the area gained 78 per cent in electric refrigerator sales over 1939, which was 53 per cent greater than the gain throughout the nation. In the preceding twelve months Tennessee, with 3,000,000 population, bought 16,000 new electric ranges; Massachusetts, with 4,500,000 population and a far higher standard of living, bought only 10,000 new ranges.

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY of St. Joseph, Missouri, has banned "For Whom the Bell Tolls."

A YOUNG NEGRO and a young Mexican, convicted of rape and murder respectively, were scheduled to be executed in the state prison at Austin, Texas, on February 17. At the request of the prison officials they were granted a 24-hour reprieve. The authorities explained that the execution would interfere with a radio program being broadcast from the prison that night.

A PROMINENT AMERICAN is suggesting to newspapers that Colonel Lindbergh be urged to go to Germany, as Wendell Willkie went to England, to report on the Wave of the Future.

AN ARTICLE in the New York *Times* recently told how hunting clubs in Great Britain have closed for the duration and their lodges been made over into homes for evacuees. "Some Americans," said the *Times,* "feel that the entire burden of an ancient tradition devolves on hunt clubs in this country."

OF ALL the conquered countries in Europe, Norway seems the most rebellious against Nazi rule. After the Germans had forcibly stopped all overt disapproval, the people found other, apparently innocuous, ways of expressing themselves. Ordinary paper clips were worn in lapels to symbolize the "sticking together" of the Norwegian people. Paper clips in lapels were outlawed. Then they wore safety pins to show the same thing. Safety pins were outlawed. Now they wear matches in their buttonholes—to show their burning hatred; and carry small packages—to show that the Nazis should be wrapped up and sent away.

CLARENCE HATHAWAY, the *Daily Worker* editor who was expelled from the Communist Party and who then publicly apologized for his misdeeds, is still missing. Nobody has been able to locate him for more than two months. Reporters looking for him have been told by his wife that she "thinks he's out of town."

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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A Native at Large

BY JONATHAN DANIELS

Appeasing Fear

THERE is nothing anemic about the increasing hundreds of thousands of boys marching in the new army camps which crowd old cornfields and pine forests with quickly grown quarters. The swarms of young Americans look at least as strong as any armed elders they ever had. Their haemoglobin ratings are high. There is blood in them which is no less precious and no more precious than the blood of young men all over the world. And in a time of much angry talk of appeasement neither they nor their parents ought to be appeased with any thin hopes or transparent pretenses. That blood may be shed. It should be, if necessary to preserve democracy and Christian civilization on earth.

But a strange process of appeasing not Hitler but home fears seems to be at work. Winston Churchill voiced it from Europe when he told us that if we would furnish the tools, the British would do the job. Secretary of the Interior Harold Ickes expressed it at home more recently when he declared: "Although this is the time of the world's greatest travail, there is no need of our sending troops abroad." When he announced his belief that Christian civilization was at stake, the Secretary announced also the view that we could do our part in its defense by furnishing the instruments of war to other men who would do the fighting and the dying.

I hope to God both Mr. Churchill and Mr. Ickes misjudge us. I don't believe that it is necessary to convince us that we can be safe as a corollary of convincing us that the world burns. If we are convinced that all our liberties are at stake, I do not believe we also must be appeased with promises of security. If we are grown so fat, so timid, so cowardly that we must be appeased in those characteristics, we are already appeased in a condition which, though home grown, is worse than any Hitler could impose upon us. We should already be queasy, if not Quisling, and in a world which still honors ancient virtues, one can be as bad as the other. Any appeasement of fear would be a part of propaganda for the world's contempt. We would be the people grown both rich and spent, soft among our gadgets, weakened by our machines, who to all intents and purposes hired the courage and the physical strength of other men to guard the jewels of our freedom.

I don't believe it. I do not believe that an America, convinced of the threat to civilization, would want other people to do all the fighting for it. I do not believe that we are a people who would be content in dependence on other people's courage. I do not believe that the American democracy is a rich Park Avenue apartment house with a hired British guard at the door against Hitler's thugs, who may come from the totalitarian slums of the world looking for the loot of civilization. If anybody is after the precious things we possess, we will not be content to pay Britain's wages as our policemen. The Americans in the army camps and throughout the country do not look to me like fat men to be defended only by the king's cops.

The question before America is not whether it is scared to go to war but whether it wishes to go to war, whether it believes that the hour has arrived—and the issue—upon which no other course is possible in good sense and honor. When that time comes, it would not be a question whether Britain needed men but where Americans, as courageous as they ever were in defense of their liberties, could take the battle line with greatest effectiveness. Where they could die most effectively. If I know Americans, if I have any understanding of the growing number of the khaki-clad Americans in the camps and of their parents behind them at home, they will not be content as providers of the materials of war while there is fighting over something that they feel in their hearts is important to them.

I never saw a soldier yet, nor a civilian nor a statesman, who wanted to die. But the Americans I have seen did not seem to me men unwilling to take their chances with any other fighting men on the earth, if matters important to America were involved in the fighting. They are men, and they are not such men as need to be appeased (by the people who speak most vigorously against the "appeasers"), with any promises of safety behind other men in any war. Of course Britain needs our supplies. But it needs them no more than we, as men, would need a place in actual fighting when, as a democracy, we reach the decision that the time has come when democracy needs our defense.

We are not women, nor children. We are not rich, fat, soft, fearful men. We do not need to be appeased by any promises that we can take part even in the battle for the preservation of civilization itself and still be safe. We can't, and despite the promises, we know it. As a people we are not afraid and nobody ought to suggest to the world that we are.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Notes by the Way

THE second issue of *Decision*, the monthly "review of free culture" edited by Klaus Mann, contains a number of interesting essays though on the whole its direction seems to me a little uncertain, in contrast to its downright name. In an article on War and the Future, Thomas Mann makes what seems to me an excellent reply to those who insist on regarding Hitler as a revolutionary. "He is not a revolutionary but a free-booting exploiter of the revolution; not a lion but a hyena. He reduces the social revolution, which, it is true, is about to change the face of the earth, to his out-of-date Alexandric expedition for the conquest of the world. The history which Hitler makes is imitation history, nonsense, a froth of blood. He is not a revolutionary, he is a swindler of history and his bankruptcy is only a question of time. . . ."

Somerset Maugham contributes an engaging essay, On Style, to the same issue. It revolves around the style of Edmund Burke, but that is as much a pretext as a text. Mr. Maugham discusses, among other things, the problem of the novelist, whose style must change with his matter. "But perhaps it is enough," he goes on, "if the novelist contents himself with avoiding the grosser errors of grammar, for no one can have considered this matter without being struck by the significant and surprising fact that the four greatest novelists the world has seen, Tolstoi, Balzac, Dostoevski, and Dickens, wrote their respective languages very carelessly; and Dickens, as we know, did not even take the trouble to write tolerable grammar. It is for the historian, the divine and the essayist to acquire and maintain a settled style. . . ." These provocative sentences make me wonder how a novelist like Flaubert, for instance, fits into Mr. Maugham's hierarchy, both of novelists and of style. I suspect he would be consigned to the same inferior circle as his admirer, Henry James, whom Maugham discussed in a tone approaching scorn in the introduction to his anthology of short stories—though to be sure he included one of James's stories. James, of course, would be scornful of Maugham's admiration of Tolstoi. Once or twice in the course of Mr. Maugham's essay I had the impression that he was confounding style with Style. What, for instance, would he think of The Zoo, a story in the same issue of *Decision*, by William Carlos Williams? It certainly doesn't parade a Style that Samuel Johnson would tolerate; instead, the language is a kind of invisible cloak, so closely fitted to the content that one actually spends an hour in the zoo, not with a Stylist, but with the animals and the Finnish servant girl Elsa. I happen to like Tolstoi and James, Samuel Johnson and The Zoo. And though I might quarrel with Mr. Maugham—who has written one good novel himself—there is so little discussion these days of writing as writing that I found his essay absorbing.

THIS IS in the nature of an aside to those who read and liked "The Late George Apley" by John P. Marquand. His new book, "H. M. Pulham, Esquire" (Little, Brown and Company, $2.50), which exploits the same New England post-world of dullness and stability, is a deftly written but rather long-winded demonstration of the fact that even a clever writer can't do the same thing twice.

THE *PARTISAN REVIEW*, in its current issue, prints a useful and extremely interesting compendium of information as to the whereabouts of European artists, writers, and musicians. The data have been compiled by William Petersen from newspapers, publishers' releases, personal interviews, and letters. It is the who's where of a civilization in exile, as tragic a document, with its matter-of-fact entries of names and places of refuge, as the times can show.

MARGARET MARSHALL

Education of a Democrat

AMBASSADOR DODD'S DIARY, 1933-1938. Edited by William E. Dodd, Jr. and Martha Dodd, New York. Harcourt Brace and Company. 1941.

SOMETIME in the evening of July 13, 1933, a new American ambassador reached his first diplomatic post, in Berlin, Germany. Unlike the average American diplomat, he was an intellectual—a distinguished professor of history. Unlike the average American diplomat, he was a true democrat. He objected to pomp and waste and ceremony. He insisted on living on the altogether inadequate salary the American Republic pays its major representatives abroad. Unlike the average American diplomat, he spoke the language of the country to which he was accredited and knew its history.

His task in Berlin, as he conceived it, was "to work for peace and better relations" between Germany and the United States. He was asked to do what he could "to prevent the Germans defaulting openly" (on their loans to the United States) and so "upset American financial interests." Admirable notions—in normal times. In fact, in normal times, the historian might have made a great ambassador. But the times were not normal. Mr. Dodd loved Germany—the Germany in which he had studied around the turn of the last century. And under Hitler, Germany had ceased to be lovable. Moreover, as an "orthodox" American liberal, a pacifist and a former Y.M.C.A. student, he brought to his task a number of preconceived notions: The Treaty of Versailles was the root of nearly all the world's ills; the French had "driven" the poor Germans back into Prussianism; the Hoover moratorium was a fine thing; the Germans had "honestly" made an effort to pay reparations and could "really" pay no more; the Germans "are by nature more democratic than any other great race in Europe," a quaint conceit from which he never recovered. True or false—and the reviewer thinks them false—these ideas made it difficult for their holder quickly to get at the facts of the Germany of 1933—the Germany of the Reichstag fire, the torture of adversaries, and cold-blooded preparation for the new war of aggression.

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Mr. Dodd strove manfully to love the Germans and "understand" the Nazis. He did his best to seek out the "moderate elements"—the ruthless, clever Schacht, the weak Von Neurath, cynical Von Bülow, two-tongued Hans Dieckhoff, who at least were not Nazis. One can almost say he did his best not to see the truth. But he was an honest man and an intelligent one, and the truth which, at the beginning, he flatly refused to believe when expressed to him (at his request) by this reviewer rather quickly opened his eyes.

In less than a year from the time of his arrival in Germany he is refusing to shake hands with Hitler, Goering, and Goebbels, the three chief personages of the government to which he is accredited. And almost tearfully he asks himself: "Should I resign?"—a cry that is repeated regularly during the thirty more months he remained in Berlin. Once he understands that the Nazis have completely submerged everything he loved in the old Germany and realizes that his only duty is to warn a deaf Washington that Hitler is hell-bent on a new war and can be stopped only by an American-British-French-Russian combination, he is right more often than not.

He learns from Fritz Thyssen that "we [the German industrialists] compelled the German government to withdraw from the League." He watches the gradual transformation of the French and British ambassadors from intelligent critics of the Nazi regime into dumb appeasers. He records the pro-Nazi feelings of Jewish bank directors (and is, unfortunately, impressed by their fears lest Germany collapse: a German collapse back in the thirties might have saved the world). He is appalled at the spectacle of American and British and French firms selling to Germany "for gold" (of course Germany was "unable" to pay previously contracted debts) war material that he foresaw would be used against them. He early informs the State Department of the French promise to let Mussolini have Ethiopia (though sharing their illusion that they can thereby purchase Italy's friendship). He follows German encouragement of Japan. He understands the real meaning of the Hoare-Laval plan and notes the pressure brought by the great oil companies against making sanctions against Italy effective. The spectacle of Standard Oil helping to provide Germany with oil reserves it was storing against war, depressed him. On August 15, 1936, he records that the League failure to stop Mussolini "dooms democracy in Europe." He sees the insanity of Dollfuss's attack upon the Austrian socialists. He warns about Nazi seizures of Austria and Czechoslovakia with the consent of Britain (and the passivity of France). Lord Lothian, then a rabid appeaser, admits his efforts to set Germany against the Soviets. In fact, nine times out of ten, once he got over his original blindness, Ambassador Dodd was right.

His tragedy—and a tragedy it was to him—was double: first to see his dear Germany go wrong; and then to find it encouraged in unrighteousness by so many people in democratic countries. His book might have been subtitled: An intelligent democrat among the appeasers.

A huge section of the American business community rooting for Hitler and Mussolini (read the names and remember them); British conservatives setting out deliberately to give Europe to the Nazis in order, as they dumbly thought, to save it from Stalin; American Senators, called liberal, concurring in the British idea; Ambassador Bullitt, in his distrust of the Bolsheviks, working for Franco-Nazi cooperation; the German nationalist, Paul Scheffer, friend of American liberals, discovered on November 15, 1936, to be "now a good Nazi" (was he ever anything else?); what an experience for a man of insight and feeling! What wonder that he writes—on October 29, 1937—"In Berlin once more. What can I do?"

A few months before—February first of the same year—this pacifist had received something like a revelation which to this reader remains the diary's climax:

> The French and English peoples have become overwhelmingly pacifist and the Germans know this. Pacifism is the attitude of the United States also, but pacifism will mean a great war and the subordination of all Europe to Germany if the pacifist peoples do not act courageously at this critical moment of their history.

After this but one more sort of bitterness was left for him to taste: lack of sympathy and rough handling on the part of a State Department that was fifty per cent dominated by appeasers. Encouraged in the autumn of 1937 to return to Berlin for a few months more, Ambassador Dodd was abruptly informed twenty-five days after his return to Berlin that he would be expected to quit Germany before the end of that year—at the request of the Germans—and others. . . .

He returned to the United States. A few months later came the surrender at Munich whose approach he had seen, and a year later the world war he had warned against—and which might have been averted had his contemporaries followed his advice.

No future study of the causes of World War II will be complete without full cognizance of Dodd's diary, for as his children have written, he "kept the democratic faith in an age of betrayal." EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER

The Court Then and Now

THE STRUGGLE FOR JUDICIAL SUPREMACY. By Robert H. Jackson. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

THE Attorney General of the United States here gives us a superb brief in condemnation of the not-too-remote conduct of the Supreme Court of the United States and in praise of the conversion that has since come to pass, with an account of the intervening struggle, all of which he saw and part of which he was. He deals lightly with the particular device proposed by the President to overcome the judicial frustration of major policies of his first administration, and is obviously sparing of praise. The proposal was, of course, a threat which, if carried out to the full, would have afforded a precedent for subsequent action that could have reduced the judiciary to impotence in the political arena. Fortunately there was enough judicial surrender to yield results which have been characterized by the comments that a switch in time saves nine and that the President lost the battle but won the war.

Mr. Jackson makes it clear that had the Supreme Court of 1936 continued unchanged in personnel and in temper, still further frustration of major national policies must have

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been administered. He makes it clear, too, that the temper changed after the reorganization proposal while the old bench was still in power. Even before the President's message on February 5, 1937, the equal division on the New York Unemployment Compensation Act, with Mr. Justice Stone not participating because of illness, made it clear that Mr. Justice Roberts had approved of a pooling provision similar to the one he condemned in the Railroad Retirement Act, and on March 9, 1937, he reversed his prior condemnation of the Minimum Wage Law. The election and the Presidential attack were bearing fruit. The approval of the Wagner Labor Relations Act and the Social Security legislation came shortly after.

The details of the conversion of Mr. Justice Roberts will doubtless always remain one of the secrets of history. Did he see the light himself, or did the Chief Justice, with his wiser statesmanship, indulge in some plain talk? On all fundamental matters of constitutional power, Mr. Justice Roberts has since kept the faith of the convert, even when it meant that he had to indulge in at least a tacit "Peccavi" for earlier deeds. Where he has refused to go along with the now ruling majority of the court, he has often had the Chief Justice with him, and in good lawyership and intellectual straightforwardness he has deserved the palm over those who have repealed or warped prior statutory construction instead of leaving the reformation to Congress, where it belongs.

No one can read the Attorney General's vivid story without appreciating that the former court needed an effective warning, if anything approaching democratic government were to continue. There should be a caveat with respect to the annulments of the first Farm Mortgage Act and the Industrial Recovery Act, which were unanimous, and to that of the delegation in the hot oil provision of the Recovery Act, which went by a vote of eight to one. These were novelties of such magnitude that some checking may well have been in order. One cannot condemn the checking without condemning also those Justices whose repeated forceful dissent lent the greatest strength to the demand for a general about face. The cautious scholar would write with some more reservations than the brilliant counsel for the government. In the main, however, the picture is a fair one, even though a few lighter shades should have been put here or there.

While the Attorney General deals lightly with the President's proposal, he pretty clearly disapproves of what he calls its "initial indirection." He says that he is not writing a defense of the plan, and refers to his statement before the Judiciary Committee as evidence of his statement that "I did that as well as my powers permitted when it was timely." Apparently, however, he approves of the President's subsequent radio address which, he says, "supplied the frontal attack which the message had lacked." In this address, however, there was a lamentable misrepresentation of the so-called "general welfare" clause, which ought to be nailed whenever it raises its head. The President said that the framers gave to the Congress the ample broad powers "to levy taxes . . . and provide for the common defense and general welfare of the United States." The clause reads: "To lay and collect Taxes, Duties, Imposts and Excises, to pay the Debts and provide for the common defense and General Welfare of the United States." Had the President been seeking accuracy as well as brevity he should have quoted: "to levy Taxes . . . to provide for the common defense and general welfare," making it clear that it was a power to tax and spend for the general welfare, and not a general power to provide for the general welfare. The President's elliptical version, which others have also urged, would render unnecessary all the other constitutional clauses conferring descriptively named powers on Congress. Such a version would make much of the rest of the Constitution extremely silly.

It is a pity that a good cause had to be fought with such faulty weapons. Yet it is not easy to conceive of a proposal that would be both an effective contemporary threat and a decent permanent part of our governmental system. For years the majority of the court had been battered by their colleagues, by scholars, and by informed laymen and yet had seemed to be increasing in obduracy. The oligarchy showed no sign of self-reform, and changes in personnel did not seem imminent. It may be that it took an unlovely way to put a stop to unlovely ways. Now it seems to not a few that the new and enlightened court occasionally feels compelled to indulge in some unlovely ways to reverse some of the unlovely ways of their predecessors. Judicial usurpation may take the form of acting in place of Congress as well as of putting chains on Congress. There are nice questions of intellectual morality that raise more difficulties for official action than for purely private conduct. Many are prone to condemn or condone methods depending on the ends they serve. It may perhaps be urged, however, that in considering methods, we should keep our standards of judgment pure and unswerving, even though we may forgive those who succumb to temptation to choose the method that seems to them essential to what they deem to be good ends.

THOMAS REED POWELL

Meditations of Rauschning

THE REDEMPTION OF DEMOCRACY. By Hermann Rauschning. Alliance Book Corporation. $3.

THIS is Hermann Rauschning's third book. The first, "The Revolution of Nihilism," with which this former German conservative—who joined the Nazis to "annihilate" their revolutionary tendencies—sprang into literary prominence, was a source of much authentic information about Hitler that only an intimate could give; though long before Rauschning many Germans had judged Hitler rightly by his deeds, and without Rauschning's inside knowledge. The second volume, "The Voice of Destruction," was valuable and successful for the same reason as the first. It recorded Rauschning's conversations with Hitler in 1932-35. Unlike the first two, his latest book, "The Redemption of Democracy," is largely the fruits of personal meditation about the deeper evils of this world. Written in London air-raid shelters, it gives a picture of a man "earnestly striving to overcome in his own soul the temptations of his own time."

Wandering in this book from problem to problem in a haphazard way and spraying metaphysical myths about him, the author sometimes reaches conclusions with which one may agree, though for reasons different from his. But often his meditations lead nowhere. Or, with an air of authority, the author makes statements that are contradicted by the

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record. To give an extremely grave example: "The truth is that every level of the French people went on strike. They wanted to live even without honor if necessary . . . the Catholic generals formed a mere front for a no longer extant France." As if the French generals had not sabotaged the Third Republic, just as Rauschning and the German generals sabotaged the Weimar Republic! Again, according to Rauschning, "Dollfuss and Pilsudski tried to give democracy a new meaning." And he even finds "something majestic about Hitler's plans and ideas."

The philosopher Rauschning visualizes progress and barbarism as twins. The whole intellectual development since the Middle Ages, in fact, all human history since the beginning of time—man's fight for liberty, his setting up of his own order, "an opposing order to the divine one revealed to mankind"—have been the work of the beast from the deep, and Hitler is merely one of its incarnations. Rauschning's cry is for religion. He is one of those people who, like the sorcerer's apprentice, are calling in this despair for the master to stop the forces of knowledge—identifying Hitler's barbaric misuse of all the results of modern thinking with modern thought itself.

The non-essentials of Mr. Rauschning's former books (including the meaningless name, the "revolution of nihilism," given to Hitler's will to power, and the belief in a forced reconstruction of Europe—after the Rauschnings of all nations had had many years in which to put their high principles into effect) are the essentials of this book. Yet in spite of them Rauschning again shows his grasp of the scope of Hitler's ambitions. He makes many pertinent observations as to the ultimate victory which a compromise peace would mean for Hitler and concerning the serious hope of the Nazis for internal difficulties in the United States.

Mr. Rauschning sees many of the trees but not yet the forest. On the other hand, it would be unjust to ask from any contemporary all the insight which his conservative admirers impute to him in their understandable longing for theories which acquit them of their crimes. The revolution of nihilism, the apocalypse, and much more high-sounding verbiage are used in order to produce reasons for the present disaster for which nobody, and least of all the comfortable metaphysicians of the ruling classes, wishes to be held responsible.

Rauschning senses clearly that we stand at the threshold of a new period in history. Yet, with due respect for his earnestness, he seems, as a political thinker, no less a dilletante today than he was at the time he associated himself with Hitler. For the student of contemporary political confusion, his new book will have a special interest. It puts forward honestly all the questions which a bad conscience must ask in pain—and who can have a good conscience today?

FRANZ HOELLERING

Coming Soon in The Nation

The Nature and Destiny of Man

BY REINHOLD NIEBUHR

Reviewed by

DENIS DE ROUGEMENT

Mr. Russell on Empiricism

AN INQUIRY INTO MEANING AND TRUTH. By Bertrand Russell. W. W. Norton and Company. $3.75.

IN THIS book, the first on technical philosophy published by Mr. Russell in a long time, we find a thorough discussion of those problems that its author takes to be at the basis of empiricism. Empiricism, as we all know, is the philosophic doctrine according to which the source of knowledge and the ground of truth are experience. And Mr. Russell undertakes to give a rigorous account of the relations which obtain between these terms. But this cannot be done without going into such questions as the meaning of meaning and its criterion, and the nature of belief and its relation to knowledge.

But of course the elucidation of these matters depends on what we conceive to be the procedure and objectives of empirical knowledge, which is to say, of the scientist, who comes more fully than any one else into its possession. And perhaps because he is primarily a logician, Mr. Russell more or less implicitly assumes that the scientist seeks certainty just as the logician seeks necessary conclusions, and that just as the latter starts from a set of basic postulates so does the scientist start from some sort of ground, itself unquestionable. In order to satisfy these requirements Mr. Russell holds that empirical knowledge must be traced back to "basic propositions" which refer to observational facts. These propositions are considered true because they are directly observed. But unfortunately not all empirical propositions are of this kind. What, for instance, about memory propositions—can they be assimilated to those based on direct observation here and now? And what trust can we put on propositions referring to a whole class of objects of which only some have been examined, like the proposition that all men are mortal? The difficulties encountered in answering these questions are enough to shake one's naive confidence in empiricism. And our confidence is further shaken, Mr. Russell believes, when we remember that "physics tells us" that we do not perceive the objects which we naively believe we perceive, but observe only the effects of these objects on our selves.

No esoteric knowledge of the history of philosophy is needed if we are to recognize that Mr. Russell's difficulties are, in spite of their new fancy dress, the same old factitious problems which have been plaguing philosophers since Descartes. Let us deal first with the alleged need for basic propositions. When we give up the hanker for the indubitable and accept as the objective of inquiry corrigible knowledge, which is all the scientist seeks or ever gets, we come to see that its acquisition need not start from basic propositions. Knowledge-getting is continuous; it does not begin anew with every new problem. Observations, important as they are in the resolution of problems, are logically no more "basic" than the context of accepted knowledge out of which the problem arises. They are not made *in vacuo;* they are acquired by means of provisionally accepted procedures, which are themselves subject to constant improvement; and they are relative to assumptions which are determined by previous inquiries. The satisfactory solution of a problem, though a step forward in our knowledge-getting, also leads back to the reconstruction of the accepted context from which the inquiry started. And

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it is only when we conceive of empirical knowledge on the model of deductive systems—conceive of it therefore, though perhaps unconsciously, as static and finished—that any element in the continuum of inquiry can be selected as logically more basic than any other. There is of course no doubt of the need for trustworthy observations. But they are trustworthy when they abide by the techniques of certification set up by the experts. We can ask, it is true, questions about the relation between propositions and that which they indicate; but only a psychologist can throw light on these matters, and he cannot tell us which among a group of observations are acceptable by the scientist as trustworthy and which not. And this is the reason that scientists find the epistemological game, with all its old-maid scruples about the validity of knowledge in general, so queer and so amusing. The game is silly because it has no bearing on the procedures involved in getting knowledge and arises out of a misconception of the objectives of science.

Nor is it true—to take another one of Mr. Russell's factitious assumptions—that "physics tell us" that we observe only the effects of things on us and not the things themselves. This is merely an erroneous philosophical interpretation of the act of perception, made by philosophers who cannot abandon a primitive, hypostatized conception of mind. According to this conception, the mind is *a something* to be found in the skull, within which, in turn, as within a stampbox within a drawer, we find "sensa," produced by the objects we perceive. In fact, however, we do not have *a mind,* but mind things. And when we mind them, though of course it is always we who do the minding, it is they we mind, not ourselves minding them. It happens that the act of minding can be analyzed. When we do analyze it, we break it up into activity within the body, involving perhaps sensa, and activity outside, producing the former and involving objects; but neither of the component parts can separately be called the act of perception; nor can either, considered in abstraction from the other, throw doubt on the existence of that which is disregarded. We cannot say, therefore, that what we observe is our sensa. If there are sensa—and the existence of these hypothetical entities is by no means as certain as Mr. Russell takes it to be—they are part of the process of observing, and are themselves merely inferred by-products of analysis.

The upshot of these considerations, succinctly put, is this: there is a great deal of philosophizing, in which must be included the epistemological labors of Mr. Russell, that is addressed to the resolution of phantom problems. This is not to say that this book is without value. In the resolution of his difficulties Mr. Russell ranges far afield and is forced to go into a number of questions on which he sheds valuable light. I take his criticism of the logical positivists, for instance, to be of real value. Nor is my criticism intended to belittle Mr. Russell's stature as a philosopher. For of him we know, whatever bigoted clergymen and stupid judges may think of his accomplishments, that he will be remembered in the history of philosophy as one of the most distinguished thinkers of our day. But the reasons for his preeminence and why it is questioned by bigots make up another story, and one which the reviewer has not been asked to tell.

ELISEO VIVAS

As Though to Breathe Were Life

THE LIVING AND THE DEAD. By Patrick White. The Viking Press. $2.50.

LAST year Mr. White, a young Australian, exhibited an extraordinary talent in his first novel, "Happy Valley," and in some ways "The Living and the Dead" surpasses its predecessor. Combining the detachment of an anatomical lecturer with an uncanny eye and ear for significant detail, he traces the lives of an English mother, son, and daughter who barricade themselves, in varying degrees, behind a wall of reserve and make-believe that at least subdues, if it cannot completely shut out, the importunate clamor of the real world of flesh and lusts and vulgarity and war and sacrifice. Their avoidance of life, however, is neither more nor less timid than that of the average "intelligent" modern human being confronted with a civilization that he can neither trust nor understand. And therein lies the theme of the book: the "dead" are those who, fearful of exposing themselves to pain or ridicule, "wanted instinctively to close the eyes, like Adelaide and Gerald, like Muriel, or the ranks of red suburban houses, smothered in a plush complacency"; only the "living" have the courage to "recognize the pulse behind the membrane, the sick heartbeat, or the gangrenous growth, . . . the drunken, disorderly passions of existence, that created but at the same time consumed."

If neither this novel nor "Happy Valley" is destined to figure in best-seller lists, it is because Mr. White sees too much and too clearly, and records too pitilessly what he sees. Like Virginia Woolf and James Joyce, he portrays character from within; it is as if he sat at a switchboard and pushed a series of buttons that caused a bright fluorescent light to flash on inside one character after another, illuminating not only the rosy flesh but the steadfast and enduring bone. While he employs the stream-of-consciousness technique more sparingly in "The Living and the Dead" than in "Happy Valley," he is extremely sensitive to the subtle overtones of conversation and of feeling, to the thought half-articulated and tinged with a crazy-quilt pattern of personal associations. He also reveals at every step a keen awareness of the impenetrable, intangible envelope that encloses each human personality—the "which-of-us-is-not-forever-a-stranger-and-alone?" of Thomas Wolfe—but where Wolfe rhapsodizes about it in hundreds of poetic and prolix pages, Mr. White merely suggests it in a dozen indirect and skilful ways.

There is no sentimentality in Patrick White's work, no blurred outlines to pamper the lazy mind or the namby-pamby heart. He aims at a discriminating audience, at the "living" rather than at the "dead," and for this audience he puts on a brilliant and masterful performance. He is a bold, original, and penetrating observer, who probes too deeply for comfort. Let the comfort-lovers beware.

LOUIS B. SALOMON

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IN BRIEF

THE PARDNERS. By John Weld. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.75.

Bret Harte would have been proud to sign his name to this exuberant tale of the California gold-rush days with which Mr. Weld follows up his grim first novel, "Don't You Cry for Me." Put together "The Luck of Roaring Camp" and "Tennessee's Partner" and you'll have the flavor and most of the characters of "The Pardners," its sour-dough hoodlums with hearts of gold, and its warm treatment of male friendship out where men are men and a woman is a curiosity. Even if the people of Sycamore Flat have been lifted right out of Poker Flat, with change of names, they are still appealing, and the vividness of their background counterbalances any shortcomings they may exhibit as real live people.

THE EXILES' ANTHOLOGY. Edited by Helen Neville and Harry Roskolenko. The Exiles' Press, Prairie City, Illinois.

A varied little anthology of contemporary English and American poets, rather better than most things of this kind.

DRAMA

"The Talley Method"

IT would be too much to say that "The Talley Method" (Henry Miller's Theater) reveals any new aspects of the talent of S. N. Behrman. In fact, the play is very precisely in the manner of such of his later pieces as "Rain from Heaven" and "The End of Summer." But so far at least as I am concerned, it is enough that he should have found again that true way which he seemed momentarily to have lost in "No Time for Comedy," and that "The Talley Method" should again exhibit so delightfully the special kind of charm and special kind of wit which are his.

There is no contemporary writer whose gift is more exclusively or more purely comic. I have no doubt that he could, if he chose, write polite comedies of a more conventional sort, dealing with drawing-rooms, from which had been carefully excluded everything capable either of disturbing the pleasant tenor of events or of challenging, by implication, the adequacy of the comic approach to life. In fact, I have no doubt that such comedies would present to the writer fewer technical problems not solved frequently enough by others to offer great difficulty, or that such comedies would, in all probability, be also even more popular than plays like the present one, for the simple reason that the most familiar *genres* impose upon the spectator the minimum of strain. But it had been evident for a long time that Mr. Behrman's conscience has made it impossible for him to disregard the dilemma created for the comic writer by the terrible urgency of these times. He has not lost faith in the value of those virtues which a genuinely comic wisdom almost inevitably generates, but he is fully aware of the fact that ours is not a world in which all existing problems can be solved by wit, tolerance, and good will. He is willing neither to pretend that they can nor to choose themes which exclude from the field of awareness those facts which pure comedy cannot digest. He must create a kind of comedy which, in less skilful hands, would rapidly become no comedy at all because it must continually keep at the periphery an awareness of situations by no stretch of the imagination comic. All his recent plays have been, in one aspect, attempts to define the limits up to which comic wisdom is relevant. Sentimentality could easily obscure the issue; cynicism could attempt to cross the line. But Mr. Behrman is neither sentimental nor cynical. He is extraordinarily clear-sighted.

In the present instance the play revolves around the contrasting characters of a humanely intelligent woman and a great surgeon. She has fallen in love with him because, as a patient, she had observed in him a scientific competence which seemed to implement humane impulses like her own. But it presently becomes evident from his relations with his two rebellious children that both his skill and his apparent good will are strictly limited to his profession. He can and he will save a life with what looks from the outside like benevolence—but only if that life is threatened by way of the duodenum, the twelve-finger-broad segment of man to which alone the Talley method is applicable. In human relations he is clumsy; in his attitude toward men as men rather than as creatures in need of surgery he is unimaginative and brutal. Nothing in the world except the duodenum is likely to be the better for his existence.

The play is a comedy in the sense that it makes the audience laugh, and also in a more philosophical sense, and it need not, perhaps, mean any more than is here suggested. But without being in any formal way symbolic it almost inevitably (and no doubt intentionally) suggests a larger thesis which Mr. Behrman has suggested before. "Scientific" and revolutionary social philosophers are right when they proclaim that sympathy and benevolence and humanitarianism are as incapable as wit and fairmindedness of creating by themselves a better world. But it is also true, as "scientific" social philosophers so generally seem to forget, that a good world cannot be created without them. They are not sufficient, but they are indispensable. They are indispensable because a world in which they did not exist would not *be* a good world, but also because without them no Talley method and no aggregation of Talley methods can bring a good world about. Mr. Behrman first preached that thesis at a time when most intellectuals were extremely unsympathetic to it. Since then, the most famous of all Talley methods has come to be less widely acclaimed as the beginning and end of wisdom.

The leading female role in the play is performed with her usual brilliant effect by Ina Claire, who has spoken Mr. Behrman's lines on more than one previous occasion and whose manner has come to seem almost identical with his. It is relatively easy, of course, to get the proper effect out of a wisecrack but there are no wisecracks in the present play, despite the fact that it is performed to an almost continuous ripple of laughter. Indeed, there are few lines which could be detached and cited as examples of the wit which pervades the whole and it is all the more to Miss Claire's credit that she manages to make so effective the fact that so many of the lines sparkle in their context and are funny because they reveal so delicately and so expertly the author's keen perception of the implications of every situation and every attitude. Philip Merrivale in the less grateful role of the doctor is also excellent and so, for that matter, is the entire cast. Perhaps a special word should be said in praise of Hiram Sherman, as a ruefully debonnaire graduate student well aware of the fact that even the highest certificate of learning issued by a university does not guarantee its holder a welcome in this world. I hope it is not libelous to remark that Mr. Sherman suggests, in physique as well as manner, a junior Alec Woollcott.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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RECORDS

VICTOR gives us a performance of Verdi's Requiem recorded by Serafin (Set 734, $10.50). Listening to the work in the form that Serafin gives it in actual sound, I recall some of the different contours it had in Toscanini's recent performance, and the greater effect which his shaping of the music gave to its beauty and power; and I must regret that the form in sound with the greater effect is not the one that is given permanence on these records. Considered by itself Serafin's is a good performance—with the competent orchestra and excellent chorus of the Rome Opera; with Pinza, whose singing has its usual magnificence; with Maria Caniglia and Ebe Stignani, whose voices are fresh and lovely but not unflawed; and with Gigli, whose bellowing and sobbing would be more suitable for "Pagliacci."

The last-movement passacaglia of Brahms's Fourth Symphony being a series of variations on a brief opening sentence, and an important effect of the movement being the cumulative impact of this series of repetitions of the original brief sentence, one notes that Weingartner builds up this impact by maintaining the pace of the original sentence inexorably throughout the variations, whereas Koussevitzky destroys it with his many changes of pace, especially those in the second half of the movement. For this reason I would choose Weingartner's excellently recorded Columbia performance rather than the one Koussevitzky has recorded for Victor with the Boston Symphony (Set 730, $5); and though Koussevitzky's treatment of the earlier movements is very good, I am better satisfied by the greater weight of the first movement as Weingartner conducts it. The recorded sound of the Koussevitzky performance is more gorgeous; but on a high-fidelity machine it is also a little sharp.

I have not been able to compare the new Victor set of Mozart's charming Concerto K. 365 for two pianos made by José and Amparo Iturbi and the Rochester Philharmonic (Set 732, $3.50) with the older one made by Artur and Karl Ulrich Schnabel; but while the Iturbis play the work with spirit and polished fluency their phrasing includes occasional sentimentalities that I know were not in the more incisive Schnabel performance. The pianos are well recorded; but the orchestra sounds bad on a high-fidelity machine. Nor have I been able to compare the new set of Schumann's Piano Quintet made by Sanroma and the Primrose Quartet (Set 736, $4) with the older one made by Artur Schnabel and the Pro Arte Quartet; but I recall the excellence of Schnabel and Maas standing out above the mediocrity of the rest, whereas the new set offers the integrated performance of five equally fine players, and one that realizes admirably the music's warmth and intimacy of feeling. The work is Schumann's best piece of chamber music, in which, however, his powers do not function as impressively as in some of the piano works and songs. But of these, on the other hand, the "Frauenliebe und Leben" cycle are not among the best; nor are they the more impressive for the monotonously unvarying color, the excessive tremolo, the choppy phrasing of Helen Traubel's singing (Set 737, $3.75).

Stokowski's performance of the Prelude to "Die Meistersinger" with the Philadelphia Orchestra (Set 731, $2.50; with the Prelude to Act 3 of "Lohengrin" on the fourth side) distends the work enormously for breadth and emphasis; and the characteristic tonal splendor comes out a little harsh from a high-fidelity machine. There are fine passages of Handel in his Organ Concerto No. 13; the work is adequately performed by E. Power Biggs and Fiedler's Sinfonietta; the recording has the sharpness of many Boston recordings (Set 733, $2.50). And Grieg's Violin Sonata Op. 13, characteristic in its pretty melodiousness, is beautifully played by Heifetz and Bay (Set 735, $3).

Among Victor single discs one (17639, $1) offers the fine singing by John Charles Thomas of the Credo from "Otello," with an aria from "Andrea Chénier" on the reverse side; another (17610, $1) Chopin's Polonaise Brillante Op. 3, a minor piano piece transcribed for 'cello and piano and performed with verve by Feuermann and Rupp; another (4538, $.75) Scarlatti's delightful Sonata No. 387 (Longo Edition), which Casadesus recorded for Columbia with some degree of the proper sharpness, but which Myra Hess plays daintily and prettily, and her transcription of Bach's "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring"; another (17633, $1) Durante's "Misericordias Domini" and Palestrina's "Ecce, Quomodo Moritur," so poorly sung by the Augustana Choir as to make it difficult and pointless to evaluate the music; another (2142, $.75) Pfitzner's "Stimme der Sehnsucht" and "Michaelskirchplatz," sung by Marjorie Lawrence, which can be neglected.

Boxed with Van Loon's "Life and Times of Johann Sebastian Bach" (Simon & Schuster) is a set of four records of Bach's music played on the piano by Grace Castagnetta (Book: $2.50; Album of Records: $3; Boxed Together: $5). Most of the music and the best of it has been recorded by other artists; and there is nothing in Miss Castagnetta's performance of the Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue that should cause anyone to want it in preference to Landowska's; nor have the records any point I can discover in relation to the book. But then the Van Loon way of writing about Bach and his times is itself something I can do without, and gladly.

I have had profit and enjoyment from the little Pelican volume of E. J. Dent's "Opera." And other books which I can mention only briefly are Ernest Hutcheson's excellent "Musical Guide to Richard Wagner's 'Ring of the Nibelungs'" (Simon & Schuster: $2.75), valuable for the person who can read musical notation; Ira W. Ford's "Traditional Music of America" (Dutton: $5); the Supplementary Volume of Grove's Dictionary (Macmillan: $5), in which—to consider only one example—you can discover that Toscanini has conducted in London, in Bayreuth, in Salzburg, in recent years, but not in New York; and Curt Sachs's exhaustive "History of Musical Instruments" (Norton: $5), on p. 449 of which he writes that those who wanted Bach played on his own instruments were "faithful not to 'history' but to art. They demanded harpsichords, gambas, ancient organs, because they knew that an organ of the nineteenth century killed Bach's severe architecture, that the thick and sensual tone of a violoncello destroyed the delicate line of a gamba composition, that a cross-stringed piano suffocated the unemotional melody of a harpsichord piece. They saw what to a painter would be self-evident, that design and color could not be separated, that an outline drawn by Raphael could not be colored with Cézanne's palette." B. H. HAGGIN

NEWS FROM HOLLYWOOD

Anthony Bower's third letter from the film capital will appear next week and fortnightly thereafter

IN *THE NATION*

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Letters to the Editors

Panama's Pocket-Hitler

Dear Sirs: President Arnulfo Arias "the pocket-Hitler of Panama") took another defiant step on the road to totalitarian intolerance and despotism when, by a decree of January 27, he ordered the deportation of 36-year-old Edward William (Ted) Scott, long-time editor of the *Panama-American* (English section) and a British subject.

Mr. Scott has been a thorn in the flesh of the Panamanian authorities, not because he interfered in "internal partisan political questions of the country," as the deportation order untruthfully says, but because of his undaunted stand for democracy in the face of the government's more and more obvious Nazi-Fascist sympathies.

A New Zealander by birth and for many years a successful prizefighter, Ted Scott became a journalist some fifteen years ago and showed in his new profession the hard-hitting technique and pugnaciousness he had acquired in the ring. He never meddled in the internal politics of Panama. There is a Spanish section of the *Panama-American* to deal with such questions, and for this section Ted Scott was in no way responsible. It is entirely in the hands of the owner and managing editor of the *Panama-American,* Mr. Harmodio Arias, the brother of Arnulfo Arias and, since Arnulfo has veered toward fascism, his irreconcilable enemy.

There can be little doubt that President Arias's violent hatred for the democratically-minded Harmodio, whose paper he wishes to ruin, has been one of the motives for arbitrarily deporting Mr. Scott. For, Scott, in his daily column "Interesting if True" contributed greatly to the *Panama-American's* popularity and was undoubtedly one of its publisher's best assets.

Behind the President's discretionary order is the influence of his avowedly fascist adviser, Antonio Isaza, former Panamanian consul in Hamburg and now editor of the pro-Nazi *La Tribuna.* Isaza has already done much to poison the good relations between the United States and Panama. In this connection one need only recall that it was Isaza who urged President Arias to cancel the Rio Hato concession, thus depriving the United States army of an already prepared aerodrome and practice bombing field. Isaza is also founder of a miniature Panamanian Gestapo called the SIPA or Society of Anonymous Political Information, and he inspired the recent setting-up of a semi-military youth organization, the *Cachorros* (Cubs) *de Urraca,* which is modeled on the Fascist *Balilla.*

When President Arias came into power, on October 1, 1940, he chose Isaza for his private secretary and principal political adviser. Recently the story was spread in Washington that President Arias had decided to drop Isaza in order to better the relations between Panama and the United States. But Isaza's acts continue to belie President Arias's assurances, and the deportation of editor Ted Scott is typical Isaza handiwork.

That the expulsion of Mr. Scott from Panama has nothing to do with internal politics becomes clear if one recalls what happened on November 30 of last year. On this occasion Mr. Scott was hauled by a police officer before the Secretary of Government and Justice, Ricardo Adolfo de la Guardia, to receive formal warning that "Panama is neutral in the European conflict in word and in deed."

The warning was the aftermath of a complaint by the Italian Minister, who had taken offense at a news broadcast by Mr. Scott after a British blow to Mussolini's fleet in the Mediterranean. The news, rather than the broadcast, wounded the feelings of the Italian envoy.

When Mr. Scott continued to run his section of the paper on clean-cut anti-Axis lines—and his pen was generally regarded as the sharpest weapon thrust at the dictators by any journalist south of the Rio Grande—the Panamanian government, prodded by the Axis envoys, decided on strong action.

The deportation order signed, Mr. Scott was arrested and for three days held incomunicado at the Carcel Modelo. Then he was taken away under guard and on January 31 put aboard a ship for New York.

In American circles in Panama, where Mr. Scott is tremendously popular, the news of his deportation was received with dismay and indignation. Everybody is wondering just how long Panama's pocket-Hitler is to be allowed to play with fire under Uncle Sam's nose.

JOACHIM JOESTEN

Costa Rica, February 24

Franz Kafka

Dear Sirs: In his review of "Franz Kafka: A Miscellany" (*The Nation,* February 22), Mr. Rahv conveys the impression that my essay in this volume is solely concerned with a "class analysis" of Kafka. This is an amazing distortion of a treatment which devotes at most three pages (out of 23) to a general sketch of Kafka's Austrian-Czech-Jewish background, with a few passing references to its social implications. The essay, as a whole, attempts an analysis of Kafka's psychological alienation and of his metaphysical loneliness, resulting from the dilemma he saw in the ambivalence of the father-principle. The subtitle "Pre-Fascist Exile" which arouses Mr. Rahv's indignation against the publisher also, suggests only that Kafka experienced the sense of exile even before fascism came to give it the present accent. There is no point in going into Mr. Rahv's further distortions, such as that I impute "revolutionary motives" to K. (in that "he advances" on "The Castle," where Joseph K. was only a defendant), except as illustrating the familiar trick of isolating a parenthetical aspect of a work, treating it as though it were the whole, and then sneering at it. Mr. Rahv, in his present Marxist orientation, is apparently offended at my brief reference to Kafka's social situation, but that does not prevent him from confining himself exclusively to the social references in the essay.

HARRY SLOCHOWER

Brooklyn, N. Y., February 27

Dear Sirs: Mr. Slochower, who claims he has been misrepresented, apparently lacks the courage to back up his critical commitments. It is simply not true that only the first three pages of his essay are concerned with the political and sociological background of Kafka's work. What about the long analysis, which follows the initial three pages, in which Mr. Slochower attempts to demonstrate that Kafka's three novels mirror the developing political situation of his age, with "America" reflecting pre-war optimism, "The Trial" the wartime pessimism of 1914-18, and "The Castle" the renewed optimism called forth by the revolutionary events of the post-war years? Moreover, what about the idea that K.'s association with the

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barmaids Frieda and Pepi illustrates his tendency to form a united front with the oppressed members of the village community against the hierachy entrenched in the castle? Such an analysis is an obvious example of the "he-too-belongs-to-us" school of criticism which in recent years has found both its apotheosis and its grave in the pages of the *New Masses*. Of course, it is not against *any* political approach to the Kafka problem that I protested in my review, but against Mr. Slochower's particular political approach, which seems to me not only irrelevant but wholly misleading. And the phrase "pre-fascist exile," which Mr. Slochower has used in such a conspicuous manner, fully expresses the wilfully tendencious spirit of his essay. There is no valid critical reason that I can see for stretching Kafka's metaphysical meanings so as to domesticate him inside our present political environment. If Kafka is to be characterized as a "pre-fascist exile," why not call Dostoevski, who was sentenced to penal servitude in Sibera, a pre-Stalinist prisoner? Clearly, if one puts one's mind to it, there is no limit to the political tag-lines one could attach to the great writers of the past.

PHILIP RAHV

New York, March 3

Lincoln's Faith

Dear Sirs: As an editor of the writings of Abraham Lincoln, I feel called upon to correct a misstatement made by Merwin K. Hart in his comment on the National Association of Manufacturers' recent report on textbooks. Mr. Hart said that "Lincoln did not use the word democracy but spoke of the republic."

This is entirely untrue. Lincoln not only used the word democracy; he defined it very well. In his message to Congress in special session, dated July 4, 1861, he made a statement which is peculiarly fitting today. "This issue embraces more than the fate of these United States. It presents to the whole family of man the question whether a constitutional republic or democracy—a government of the people by the same people—can or cannot maintain its territorial integrity against its own domestic foes."

In his reply to Douglas in the fifth joint debate at Galesburg, Illinois, on October 7, 1858, Lincoln said: "I presume that Judge Douglas could not go into Russia and announce the doctrine of our national democracy; he could not denounce the doctrine of kings and emperors and monarchies in Russia; and it may be true of this country that in some places we may not be able to proclaim a doctrine as clearly true as the truth of democracy, because there is a section so directly opposed to it that they will not tolerate us in doing so. Is it the true test of the soundness of a doctrine that in some places people won't let you proclaim it? Is that the way to test the truth of any doctrine?"

In the Chicago Historical Society there is an autographic manuscript reading as follows:

"As I would not be a slave, so I would not be a master. This expresses my idea of democracy. Whatever differs from this, to the extent of the difference, is no democracy. A. Lincoln."

Mr. Hart's statement that the word democracy did not come into common usage until Woodrow Wilson employed it during the First World War is equally untrue. De Tocqueville's "Democracy in America" (published in 1835) is too well known to need citation. The Oxford English Dictionary traces the word back to the early sixteenth century and quotes a definition dated 1574. "The Democratian commen wealth . . . is the gouernment of the people; where all their counsell and aduise is had together in one."

A subtle attack on democracy is part and parcel of the world-wide attack on the liberties of free people everywhere—an attack now being fostered from within our borders by men like Mervin K. Hart. Their technique obviously has more in common with Hitler's than with Lincoln's, for it was Hitler who praised the use of a lie so impudent that it would be believed.

Lincoln astutely forecast this betrayal of our liberties from within when he wrote about Thomas Jefferson in a letter to H. L. Pierce (April 6, 1859). "The principles of Jefferson are the definitions and axioms of free society. And yet they are denied and evaded with no small show of success. One dashingly calls them 'glittering generalities.' Another bluntly calls them 'self-evident lies.' And others insidiously argue that they apply to 'superior races.' These expressions, differing in form, are identical in object and effect—the supplanting of the principles of free government, and restoring those of classification, caste, and legitimacy. They would delight a convocation of crowned heads plotting against the people. They are the vanguard, the miners and sappers of returning despotism. We must repulse them, or they will subjugate us. . . . All honor to Jefferson—to the man, who, in the concrete pressure of a struggle for national independence by a single people had the coolness, forecast, and capacity to introduce into a merely revolutionary document an abstract truth, applicable to all men and all times, and so to embalm it there that today and in all coming days it shall be a rebuke and a stumbling-block to the very harbingers of reappearing tyranny and oppression."

PHILIP VAN DOREN STERN

Brooklyn, N. Y., March 3

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